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Melange

The . .
Melange

Volume IV

Published
by the

Senior....
Class

Moores
Hill...
College

1898

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KELLER PRINTING & PUBLISHING COMPANY,

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

*

Greeting . . .

To every friend of
Moores Hill College
from the Class of '98.

1454809

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit."

" How often, O how often,
In the days that have gone by . . . "

To the Honored Alumni of Moores Hill College

This Volume is dedicated, as a token of respect,

By the Class of Ninety Eight.

Foreword.

WE Present our Melange to the public with neither apology nor boasting. If it wins commendation for its authors, we shall be glad; but unless it accomplishes far more its supreme mission will not have been fulfilled. Our designs for this volume, ambitiously conceived and boldly planned, look not to the fame of the Class of '98 but to the exaltation of our college. Our school needs friends and friendship does not precede acquaintance. There is a widening gulf —we confess it frankly— between our Alumni and their Alma Mater: to fill this chasm with a re-awakened interest is the sovereign purpose of this book. We gratefully acknowledge the kindly services of our many friends, without whose friendly co-operation this volume would have been impossible....

Preston S. Hyde
Leora L. Loyd
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MANZ

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ALEX. O. LEVY. LOREE E. VAN OSDOL.

Dedicatory Ode.

What do you ask of me?
This sad, sweet task of me?
I write a poem!
Sure 'tis an ample theme,
Could I but voice the theme,
Could I but woo the dream
Into a poem.

Comrades in memory,
Solace and resource be
In this re-union;
Come ye from far and near,
Bringing your charm and cheer,
Voices and faces dear—
This is communion.

Ye, who these places held
Back in the year of eld,
Join in my greeting—
Classes remote and late,
Help me congratulate
This brave, young Ninety-eight
Now with us meeting.

For the old time and the new time hath each one its angel
The one singing ever the old time refrain,
While the other lisps on, a lute-tongued evangel,
With a prophesy woven in the weft of the strain.

While memory, the pensive browed maiden, throws kisses
The old-time still has for us, holding us dear,
Sweet hope glows all radiant with promise of blisses,
Of joy without measure, and never a tear.

Some, having their wills, won the trophies they fought for,
Success on their pennons perched, long, long ago;
And others won, struggling, the treasures they sought for,
And there be those who quaffed from the beaker of woe.

And all, I doubt not, at one time have tasted
The bitterest lees of grief and despair;
And some, peradventure, their talents have wasted,
And faltered and fallen, sin seeming so fair.

But how devious soever the maze we are treading,
Whate'er the tale told of the past or the now,
Whatever of clouds or of tempests we're dreading,
Each to the same harbor is holding his prow.

And there is a book that the angels are keeping,
With the names of our missing ones chronicled there;
And we wistfully wonder while softly we're weeping,
What heavenly guises and graces they wear.

But a song haunts my heart, and I tarry to listen,
'Tis as fresh as the violets the breeze stoops to kiss,
With their blue lips uplifted where dew-jewels glisten
And its melody ripples on something like this:

Hangs o'er the olden days,
    Rose and gold blended;
Were they as sweet to me
Back in the "used-to-be"
As now they seem to me?
    Now that they're ended?

Sometimes through wreaths of mist,
Pearl, pink and amethyst,
    Glimmers a vision;
All in the dusky glade
There I a maiden strayed
Dreaming the dreams that made
    Life seem Elysian.

Even now faint breaths of musk
Come to me in the dusk,
    Wind-wafted kisses,
Stinging with subtle pain,
Rousing regrets in vain,
Bringing to me again
    Fugitive blisses.

Back in the distance dim,
Near the horizon's rim,
    Sea-cradled islands
Sleep 'neath the turquoise sky,
Lotus-lulled, dreaming, lie,
Where the waves' lullaby
    Hushed them to silence.

Dear unforgotten days,
Draped with sheeny haze,
    Rose and gold blended;
Halcyon days to me,
Beautiful "used-to-be,"
Dear are they now to me,
    Now that they're ended.

ROSALINE E. JONES, '68.

ESTO QUOD ESSE VIDERIS.

COLORS: WHITE AND ROYAL PURPLE.

YELL.

Ch' Bim! Ch' Boom!
Ch' Bim! Boom! La!
Moores Hill! Moores Hill!
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Or,

Alle–ka–zook! Ko–ax! Ko–ax!
Terre–o–rex! O–rex! O–rex!
Hulla–ba–loo! Hulla–ba–la!
Moores Hill! Moores Hill!
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Moores Hill College.

FOUNDED 1856.

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†Deceased March 13, 1898.

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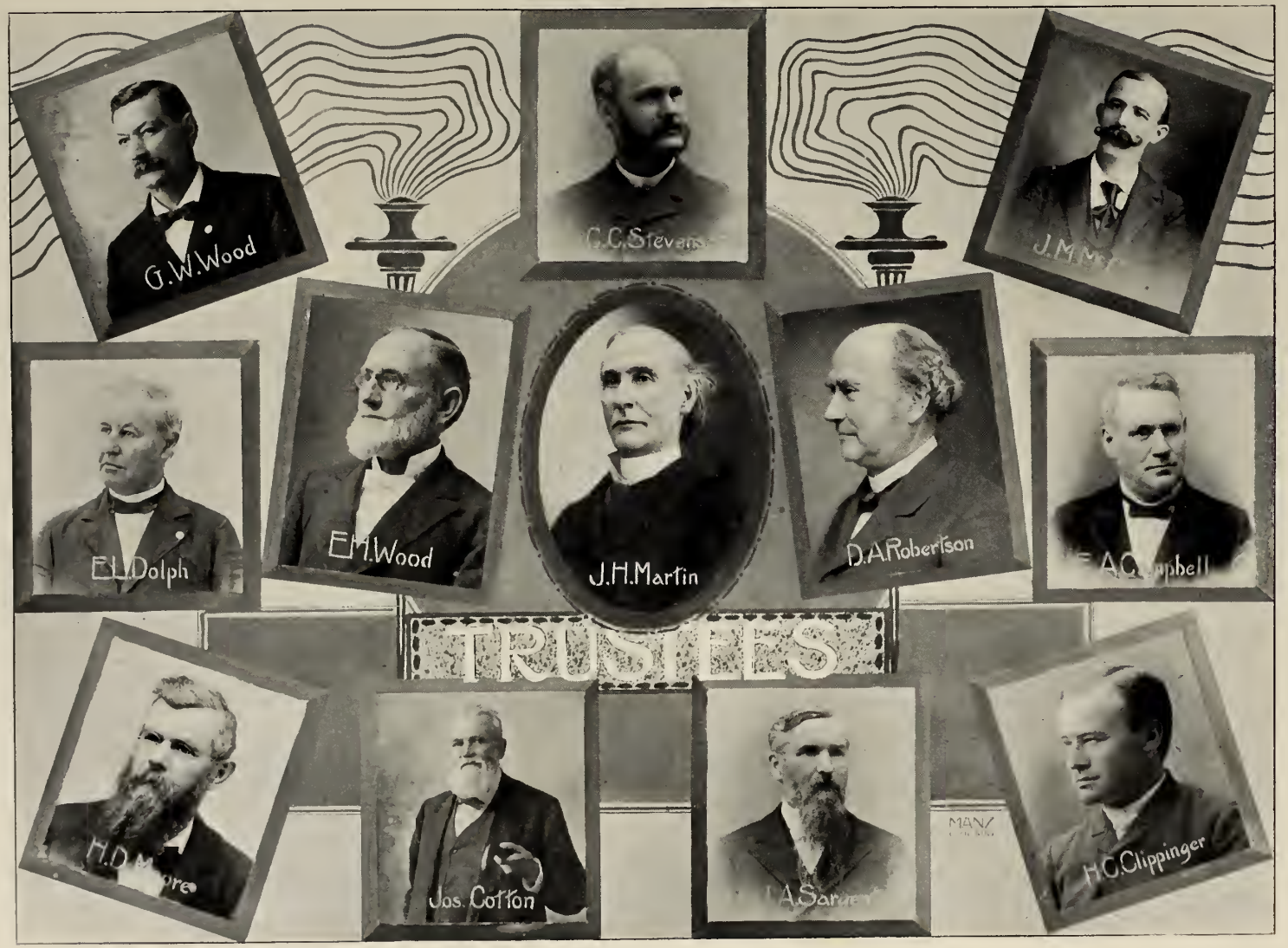
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Rev. J. L. Funkhauser.

*Deceased.

Dr. W. D. H. Hunter.

WHEN the Trustees meet in annual session in June next, no face will be more sadly missed than the familiar face of Dr. W. D. H. Hunter. For many years he has been a leading member of the board, and has always taken a deep interest in its deliberations. He was a modest, sensible man, and never talked except when he had something to say. Calm and deliberate in forming his conclusions, he weighed carefully every question at issue. When his mind was made up, he stood firmly by his convictions of right.

Dr. Hunter was a man, too, of great wisdom and sound judgment. He was found, therefore, on the right side of almost every question under debate. There are few men who have a keener sense of justice than had he; and few, indeed, more earnest, faithful, and conscientious in the discharge of official duties. These noble qualities of mind and heart made him a conspicuous and influential factor in all the deliberations of the board.

No one could have fully appreciated the worth of Dr. Hunter that did not know him intimately. For twenty-five years he has been my friend and counselor. Through all these years, he has commanded my respect and confidence by a friendship as pure and unselfish as ever dwelt in human heart. He was a man of broad culture and of fine literary tastes. He was a great lover of books, but read only the best.

Above all the Doctor was a *religious* man. His faith in Christ as the Savior of men was simple, intelligent, abiding. His every-day life was a beautiful exemplification of the Christian religion as taught by the Master. In all the relations of life, indeed, whether in the social circle, in the whirl and bustle of business life or in the quietude of home, surrounded by those nearest and dearest to his heart, Dr. Hunter was always and everywhere the same kind, courteous, Christian gentleman.

J. H. MARTIN.

MANZ

Judge John K. Thompson.

THE history of Judge John K. Thompson was intimately associated with that of Moores Hill College, as he held some official connection with the institution almost from the time it was first established. For more than a third of a century he was an active and influential member of the Board of Trustees; and at the time of his death, March 13, 1898, he was the president of the board. In his death, therefore, the college has sustained a great loss, and the cause of Christian education, an able and earnest advocate.

Mr. Thompson was one of God's noblemen — a man of keen intellect, a warm heart, and a good soul. Modest and gentle as a woman, he was nevertheless a man of strong convictions and of unflinching integrity, and his great heart went out in loving sympathy with everything that is pure and good. While never making, so far as I know, a public profession of Christianity, he was a firm believer in the Christian religion, and was a warm and liberal supporter of the church. He had an intelligent faith in God as the supreme ruler of the universe, and what is infinitely better than an empty profession, he had lived and exemplified the principles of the Christian religion in his every-day life.

As a judge of law Mr. Thompson had few superiors in southern Indiana. In his chosen profession, he was recognized as the soul of honor by his associates at the bar. We loved him for his virtues — for his noble qualities of mind and heart, and while stunned by the blow which has fallen so suddenly upon us, we find comfort in the thought that the Lord Omnipotent reigneth; and that, though the workmen may fall, God will take care of his own cause.

J. H. MARTIN.

Hurrah for Moores Hill!

WE sing of Moores Hill,
A college good and great,
A blessing to the sons of men,
An honor to the state;
Her treasures are not gold,
But fairer, better still
Are loyal hearts to God and home,
Hurrah for Moores Hill!

CHORUS.

Hurrah for old Moores Hill, Hurrah!
Hurrah for old Moores Hill, Hurrah!
Hurrah for old Moores Hill, Hurrah!
Hurrah for old Moores Hill!

Her doors swing open wide
To rich and poor the same,
To every one who seeks to make
An honest, worthy name;
To every earnest son
And daughter with a will
She offers gold from wisdom's mine,
Hurrah for Moores Hill!

Upon her banners fair
In rays of fadeless light
Is traced her motto pure and true,
For Jesus and the right;
For education full
Of heart, of wit, of will,
For all that makes man like his Christ,
Hurrah for Moores Hill!

Hurrah for Moores Hill,
We shout her honored name
We glory in the Christ she serves
Through changing years the same;
We hail the coming day
That now begins to fill
Her bending sky with roseate glow,
Hurrah for Moores Hill!

J. W. JOHNSON, '86.

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3. MATHEMATICS.
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5. ANCIENT LANGUAGES.
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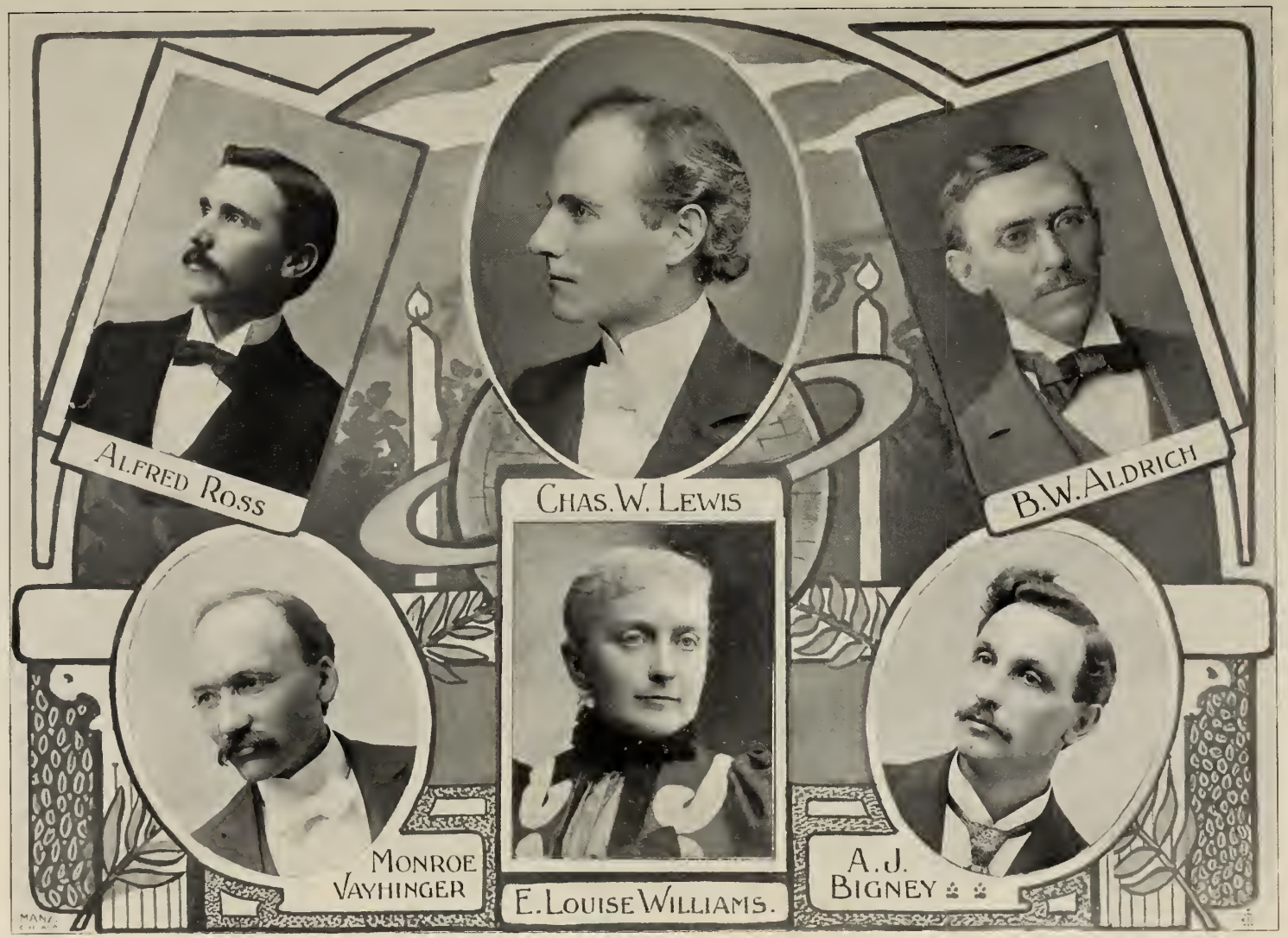
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Our Alumni

To
publish
the picture
of every graduate
from our institution was
obviously a task of no small
dimensions, considering the fact
that there are two hundred and thirty-
three Alumni, twenty-five of whom are deceased,
and the rest scattered up and down this broad
world, the whereabouts of many being unknown to
the college authorities. Hence we take pride in introducing
you to our Alumni Gallery, as the presence of so many familiar
faces bears testimony to our gratifying success. We regret
the absence—unavoidable on our part—of some faces for
which you will be looking. Our original purpose
to publish personal items of interest
in connection with each name was
necessarily abandoned. We are
grateful to those who have
loyally and heartily
co-operated in this
large enter-
prise.

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1. Mrs. Jane S. Kahler, M. E. L., San Fernando, Cal.

1859.

2. Rev. Robert F. Brewington, B. S., A. M., Knightstown, Ind.

1860.

3. Mrs. Permelia Bradfield, M.E.L., 4610 Woodland Av. W., Philadelphia, Pa.
4. Mrs. America S. Wood, M. E. L., Aurora, Ind.

1861.

5. Mrs. Rinna H. Robertson, M. E. L., Southport, Ind.

1862.

6. Mrs. Helena J. Stewart, M. E. L., Moores Hill, Ind.

1864.

7. Mrs. Lucy C. Lewis, M. E. L., Madison, Ind.

1866.

8. Hon. Elmer W. Adkinson, B. S., A. M., 160 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

1867.

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11. Melvin M. Riggin, B. S., Osborne, Kas.

1868.

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1869.

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1870.

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1871.

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26. Rev. John C. Gullett, Ph. D., 1733 South Clarkson St., Denver, Col.
27. Mrs. Hattie E. Gullett, B. S., 1733 South Clarkson St., Denver, Col.
28. Mrs. C. Alice Gullett, B. S., Van Buren, Ark.

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Early Days.

THE opening of a college whose after history is to reveal a career of great usefulness is an event of no small import. Well does the writer remember the morning in '56 when the quiet of the morning air was broken by the merry ringing of the bell, calling for the first time to those whose purpose was to become students of Moores Hill Male and Female Collegiate Institute — such being the cumbrous name given to what is now Moores Hill College.

Seated upon the rostrum were the president-elect, Rev. S. R. Adams, Professor Curtis, Professor Olcott and a number of the Trustees and ministers. Not having at hand the necessary data, I cannot give the number enrolled as students at the opening session— probably about one-hundred fifty. The chapel as I remember was quite well filled and the friends of the school were jubilant over the auspicious opening of the college. The roll-call having been completed, congratulatory speeches were made by several persons present, and then an ordeal was passed that must have taxed the energy and patience of the instructors — the classification of the students. After several days, principally taken up with this difficult work, the regular recitations were begun and soon everything was moving after the usual order of college life.

* * *

Two literary societies, the Philoneikean and Sigournean, were soon organized with enthusiastic members and the usual rivalry and sparring characteristic of such organizations.

Some amusing things which occurred in the recitation room are worthy of special mention. One day a recitation conducted by Professor A was in progress. The subject was acoustics. The professor put the following question to the class: "What is sound?" One of the class, who was not known for frequent or correct answers to general questions, feeling that this was his opportunity to distinguish himself, quickly responded, "Sound is the reverberation of a noise."

Equally amusing was the query of one of a large class beginning the study of geometry. Professor C was a very precise man, always requiring pupils when a demonstration of a theorem was completed, to say "Consequently, theorem — repeating the same as given in the book — is true." A tall, awkward youth, but withal quite a wit, was floundering through a demonstration that did not demonstrate. Finally becoming completely befogged, he cast a side-glance at the professor and very meekly said, "Professor, is it not time to say Consequently?"

* * *

There were no graduates the first year, but at the close of the second year Miss Jennie S. Churchill, now Mrs. Kahler of California, having completed the scientific course of study, had the honor of receiving the first degree given by the institution. At the end of the third year the writer was granted the degree of B. S., winning the honors of his class — a comparatively easy task as there were no competitors.

* * *

Rhetorical exercises were conducted weekly in the college chapel. The chapel rostrum was constructed somewhat after the style of the old-time church pulpit — elevated several steps above the main floor. Vividly does the writer remember his first attempt to declaim before the assembled Faculty and students. Not daring to look his auditors in the face, he looked down from the front of the rostrum to the floor beneath, which seemed just at that moment to recede until it was at least fifteen feet away. Years ago the rostrum was lowered. Whether the quality of the orations and declamations were correspondingly lowered deponent will not attempt to decide.

At the time of which I write college rushes and class riots were not the fad and some of us missed that exciting portion of a college training. Base ball and foot ball were not then accorded the high place they now hold in college ranks. People then believed that the power to acquire knowledge, to think well and reason correctly were more important than athletics. Perchance they were mistaken, for surely "the world do move." After all that may be said this is a question not to be settled by calling those who may choose to discuss it either optimist or pessimist.

ROBERT F. BREWINGTON, '59.

1874.

1. Samuel W. Hillman, A. M., Greensburg, Ind.
2. Rev. Fletcher M. Sisson, A. M., D. D., 2818 Woolworth Av., Omaha, Neb.
3. Mrs. S. Elizabeth Sisson, B. S., 2818 Woolworth Av., Omaha, Neb.

1875.

4. F. C. Kessler, B. S., Newton, Kas.

1876.

5. J. R. E. Pheasant, B. S., Brooksburg, Ind.

1877.

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7. Rev. Charles W. Gullette, A. M., D. D., 724 W. 8th St., Cincinnati, O.
8. Charles W. Hargitt, A. M., Ph. D., Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
9. Mrs. Lillian M. N. Wallace, B. S., Moline, Kas.

1880.

10. James O. Churchill, B. S., Cheyenne, Wyo.

1881.

11. Wilbur O. Jenkins, A. M., M. D., Terre Haute, Ind.
12. Mrs. Anna C. Goddard, B. S., Greensburg, Ind.
13. Everett D. Rodgers, B. S., M. D., Box 455, Chicago, Ill.

1882.

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15. Rev. George Cochran, A. M., Ph. D., Madison, Ind.
16. Mrs. Jennie Wiggam, B. S., Emporia, Kas.
17. Rev. David T. Hedges, B. S., Glenwood, Ind.
18. Calvin Carter, B. S., M. D., Brookville, Ind.
19. Mrs. Courtney E. Jenkins, B. S., Terre Haute, Ind.
20. Mrs. Anna M. Tomlinson, B. S., Moores Hill, Ind.

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Heroic Days.

THESE stirring times the thoughts of veterans return to the days of 1861-65, and to those who battled and suffered in behalf of their country. The fall of '60 witnessed a most aggressive and bitter political campaign. A political revolution was taking place. Few persons, at least in the North, expected anything more than a political change. But the two great sections of the country, divided on the subjects of slavery and freedom, did not know or understand each other. The great North did not think the South would be so suicidal as to precipitate an armed contest. The impulsive South did not think the North sufficiently courageous to measure swords with them.

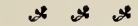
* * *

But the gathering clouds were seen and the mutterings of war were heard in the early months of '61. Patriotism flamed up in college halls. It was heard in the literary societies and it could not be kept from the college rostrum. When Fort Sumpter was fired upon, there was almost a universal sentiment of indignation throughout the North, and there was an outburst of patriotism for sustaining the Union and for the armed suppression of the rebellion.

* * *

The call for three months' troops to make up seventy-five thousand volunteers did not seriously affect the college attendance. As I now recall it, the first student to enlist and to be mustered was George R. Robinson. He was small of stature and it was reported that he was rejected more than once before his final

muster. At last he was mustered into the 16th Indiana, a regiment that enlisted for one year. At the expiration of his enlistment he again entered the army as Adjutant of the 83rd Indiana. He was severely wounded at Vicksburg and discharged for disability. For more than twenty years he has been a prominent and successful lawyer at Minneapolis, Minn. I give this little bit of history as a tribute to the first volunteer from the college.



A "Home Guard Company" was organized among college and town boys, commanded by Professor Robert Kidd, whom we proudly called Captain Kidd. We had a uniform of grey cotton cloth trimmed in red. Our weapons were imitations of broad swords made of hickory wood with sheet iron guards. If the blood-thirsty Southerners could only have known about it, or could have seen us charging with our broad swords, I suppose the rebellion would have ended with one campaign. Our greatest campaign was marching to the Fourth of July celebration out at the old camp-ground, and our most successful charge was upon the dinner that day.

The college year of '60-'61 had closed before the first call for 300,000 volunteers for three years. That call took nearly all those of proper age who had previously been in college and largely depleted the classes for the next year. When the second call for 300,000 came, the college was little more than a girls' school. Six gentlemen had graduated, including the class of '61. Five of this number, namely, Brewington, Pye, Tinker, Hayman and Erskine enlisted. Four of the five held commissions. Two of these never returned. The brilliant Thomas L. Hayman and the mathematical genius, James Erskine, laid their all upon their country's altar. Nearly all the under-graduates took up arms.

There are three names that should ever be kept in loving remembrance and held in grateful esteem by the friends and patrons of Moores Hill College: John C. Moore, Enoch G. Wood and Samuel R. Adams. I could not write reminiscences and leave out any of them.

John C. Moore was the munificent founder and patron of Moores Hill College. He was just as patriotic as his three sons who bore arms. He was a prince among men, wise in council, patriotic in practice and Christly in spirit.

Enoch G. Wood was president of the Board of Trustees from the opening of the college to the close of his life. Without college training himself he gave largely of his life to the building of Moores Hill College. He was a master of the English tongue and a tower of strength to any cause he espoused.

* * *

I know that you will pardon me for closing with a tribute, however imperfect, to the first president of Moores Hill College. He was my teacher for two years before I entered the army. I congratulated myself and the regiment when I learned that he was to be the chaplain. The chaplaincy of the 26th Indiana Volunteer Infantry came to him unsought and without expectation. He had not planned for army service because he was not physically able to endure such service. While I had the highest esteem for him as a teacher, yet he seemed so far removed from me by his superior knowledge and attainments that I stood somewhat in awe of this superiority. But as my chaplain, my spiritual adviser and helper, my personal friend, my esteem passed into real affection. The news of his death came to me at a time and under circumstances when I could not well bear it. I was lying in a temporary hospital with a rebel bullet in my body. I felt that I had lost a father. I do not believe there was another chaplain in the entire army who had greater influence over the rank and file of soldiery than had Samuel Rodgers Adams.

JOHN A. MAXWELL, '69.

1883.

1. James O. Churchill, A. M., Cheyenne, Wyo.
2. Rev. Edmund J. Lockwood, A. M. Cedar Falls, Ia.
3. Mrs. Mary B. Lockwood, B. S., Cedar Falls, Ia.
4. Mrs. Linda C. Clark, A. M., Summertown, Tenn.
5. Carrie J. Goyer, B. S., 83 East Fourteenth St., Anderson, Ind.
6. Mrs. Alice A. Barwise, B. S., Box 1907, Cripple Creek, Col.
7. Mrs. Josie G. Johnston, B. S., Albuquerque, N. M.
8. Mrs. Mary M. Locke, B. S., Holton, Kas.
9. Edward E. Olcott, B. S., Charleston, Ind.
10. Ella C. Shaw, B. S., Nanking, China.
11. Mrs. Maggie Weeks Coy, M. S., La Habra, Cal.

1884.

12. Will I. Lowry, B. S., Cripple Creek, Col.

1885.

13. Mrs. Mary B. Hole, A. M., La Habra, Cal.
14. Mrs. Emma M. Lee, A. M. *Deceased.*
15. Reuben H. Moore, B. S., Shelbyville, Ind.
16. Alta Mae Roberts, B. S., 558 East South St., Indianapolis, Ind.
17. Mrs. Eva M. Opp, B. S., 1033 Washington Av., Newport, Ky.

1886.

18. Rev. Edward A. Robertson, A. M., Geo. R. Smith College, Sedalia, Mo.
19. Samuel W. Collett, B. S., Dakota University, Mitchell, S. D.
20. Ora Daughters, B. S., Moores Hill, Ind.
21. Rev. John W. Johnson, B. S., North Vernon, Ind.
22. Charles H. Meeds, B. S., Winton Place, O.
23. Rev. Henry Ross, B. S., Shadeland, Ind.

1888.

24. Harvey J. Clements, B. S., Puget Sound University, Tacoma, Wash.
25. Mrs. Culla J. Vayhinger, B. S., Moores Hill, Ind.
26. Mrs. Sadie R. Mitchell, B. S., Hamlet, Ind.
27. Henry B. Smith, B. S., Ph. D., 213 West Fourth Av., Denver, Col.

1889.

1. Harry Phillips, A. B., Governor's Office, Indianapolis, Ind.
2. Rev. William E. Shaw, A. B., Chebanse, Ill.
3. Wallace D. Corya, B. S., M. D., Nebraska, Ind.
4. Frank J. Robertson, B. S., M. D., 2313 E. Michigan St., Indianapolis, Ind.

1890.

5. Samuel M. Huffman, B. S., Seymour, Ind.
6. D. T. Shockley, B. S., B. & O. S-W. Freight Department, E. St. Louis, Ill.
7. Rev. John C. White, B. S., Summitville, Ind.
8. Edmund C. Zeigler, B. S., 1909 Whitis Av., Austin, Tex.

1891.

9. Lillian G. Carter, B. S., North Vernon, Ind.
10. Rose T. Robertson, B. S., 1317 Baronne St., New Orleans, La.
11. Verton W. Ross, B. S., Blue Ash, O.

1892.

12. Rev. Ulysses G. Abbott, A. B., Henryville, Ind.
13. Edward A. Wood, A. B., Cincinnati Post, Cincinnati, O.

1893.

14. Minnie B. Brown, A. B., Moore's Hill, Ind.
15. James E. Daughters, B. S., 285 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
16. Jos. R. Houston, B. S., Aurora, Ind.
17. Rev. Charles E. Line, A. M., D. D., Mankato, Minn.
18. Laura E. Liddle, B. S., Bloomington, Ind.
19. Frank S. Maltby, A. B., Albuquerque, N. M.
20. Edwin C. Strickler, B. S., Girard, Kas.
21. Will D. Robinson, B. S. D., Versailles, Ind.

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CHICAGO

1894.

1. Clara B. Bigney, B. S., Moores Hill, Ind.
2. Laura L. Ewan, B. S., Moores Hill, Ind.
3. Mrs. Carrie E. Bigney, B. S., Moores Hill, Ind.
4. Edgar F. Johnston, B. S., Room 11, Commercial Block, Hammond, Ind.
5. Clyde A. Jennings, B. S., Martinsville, Ind.
6. Earle E. Martin, A. B., Kentucky Post, Covington, Ky.
7. James Ross, A. B., Careysville, O.
8. Quincy G. Spence, A. B., Morrow, O.
9. Claude B. Thomas, A. B., Milroy, Ind.

1895.

10. Rev. Clarence C. Bonnell, B. S., Hartsville, Ind.
11. Carrie Mildred Beaty, A. B., 304 Honore St., Chicago, Ill.
12. Frank C. Green, A. B., Milroy, Ind.
13. Luella C. Green, A. B., 589 Richmond Av., Buffalo, N. Y.
14. Rev. R. Scott Hyde, A. M., Milton, Ind.
15. Margaret G. Johnson, A. B., Glenwood, Ill.
16. Mary E. Moore, A. B., Bethesda Sanitarium, Manitou Falls, N. Y.
17. Rev. J. Leslie Shroyer, B. S., Cortland, Ind.
18. Editha Lou Speer, A. B., 328 Davis St., Jacksonville, Fla.
19. Rev. W. D. Trout, B. S., Kempton, Ind.
20. Will G. Washburn, B. S., 1574 Hillside Av., Indianapolis, Ind.

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MANZ
CHICAGO.

The Voice of the Wind.

T' is the wind, only the wind, I know,
And in my heart the June of love is warm,
Safe from all fear of storm
Or dread of any tempest that can blow:
Ah, then, why does the wind's voice haunt me so?

No wonder that the wind tones so enthrall,
I mind me of another day when I,
Rapt with a melody,
Heard its wild notes in some sweet interval;
And, now, its voice re-echoing through the hall.

Is but a vehicle that brings to me
Just as the skylark's sweet, impassioned rhyme
Tells of the summer time,
A bit of life's unwritten history;
And heart and harp are tuned to the same key.

For life has many a burial house and crypt.
And many a ditty that we gladly sung
In memory, is among
The blissful things that all too soon have tripped
Oblivionward, and from our keeping slipped.

I cannot shut my ears against the rhyme,
Whispered at key-holes and at lattices,
Unwritten harmonies;
No other heart but mine may catch their chime,
The echoing melodies of that old time.

R. E. J.

To Touch of the Violin Strings.

USIC, music is in the air
Where the backlog crackles and sings;
For soul of joy is everywhere
To touch of the violin strings!

Voices of earth, voices of sky,
O! the tender and true it brings;—
If master hand but understand
The touch of the violin strings!

Melody's buds in warmth unfold,
The azure where skylark wings;
O! ever, soul of song is told
To touch of the violin strings.

O! stars above the winter snow
And fair morn with thy golden rings,
I hear the flutes of memory blow
To touch of the violin strings!

With uncontrolled delight the ear
Is bent to holier things;—
Soul sound the wonderful is here
To touch of the violin strings.

MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, '68.

1896.

1. Charles H. Beckett, B. S., New Orleans University, New Orleans, La.
2. Mrs. Ida May Bonnell, A. B., Hartsville, Ind.
3. Henry Clay Doles, B. S., Clarksburg, Ind.
4. Emilie Dashiell, A. B., Greensburg, Ind.
5. Rev. Frank S. Miller, A. B., Yankeetown, Ind.
6. Benjamin Potter, B. S., East Enterprise, Ind.
7. J. Thomas Scull, B. S., 824 Foster St., Evanston, Ill.
8. John Chambers Wood, A. B., 413 East 26th St., New York City.

1897.

9. Walter E. Beaty, A. B., Aurora, Ind.
10. Nellie Clark, B. S., Dayton, Ky.
11. Rev. Charles M. Kroft, A. B., Sunman, Ind.
12. Rev. Edward I. La Rue, B. S., Milroy, Ind.
13. Rev. Stanton Alren Morrow, A. B., French Lick, Ind.
14. Will E. Peters, B. S., Salida, Col.
15. Charles J. Stallard, A. B., Shelbyville, Ind.
16. Nellie R. Stewart, B. S., Moores Hill, Ind.
17. Clara Wood, B. S., Salem, Ind.

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MANZ
CHICAGO

CLASSES.
Alex O. Levy.

Seniors.

OFFICERS.

RICHARD N. HARGITT, *President.*

MARY S. CAMPBELL, *Vice-President.*

PRESTON S HYDE, *Treasurer.*

J. L. DAVIS, *Secretary.*

IRENE MARTIN, *Historian.*

LOUIS ROSS, *Prophet.*

EDITH E. BOLDREY, *Poet.*

Colors: NAVY BLUE. Class Flower: VIOLET.

Motto: *"Semper Paratus."*

YELL.

Hip! Hip! Hurrah!

Siz! Boom! La!

We 'll all be great!

We challenge fate!

We 're the class of ninety-eight!

To Our Class Flower.

DAINTY violet in the glade,
A beautiful picture thou hast made
Out of this dark and lonely place,
A colorless shade without thy face.

Sturdy violet in the sun,
The smiles of Heaven thou hast won;
Modest, unobtrusive still,
Thy mission of love dost thou fill.

Beautiful violets, dear to me,
In sun or shadow blooming so free;
Lavish of sweetness, thy true worth
Ignores the frown or smile of earth.

Violets, I would imitate,
Thy sweet submission to thy fate;
Blossom of love my life would crown
Unspoiled alike by earth's smile or frown.

Reflections.

BRIGHT colors flashing upon a canvas attract our attention from the somber tints of the back-ground. The brilliant things of life are the most noticed. But the everyday gray of duty makes the basis of character. Thus the historian can record only the most striking events, while he leaves untouched the great sum of the less important things which mould the life. The chronicles of a class, however faithfully kept, cannot record those events which it deems most valuable. All the experiences in the life of the class of '98 we could not relate. There are many that we would not. We give them all to memory to cherish in her gentlest way. Fortune, that capricious maid, has dealt with us with unusual kindness. Pleasant associations and friendships have been formed which will make a bright part in the memory of our college days. In all our class relations a rare harmony has prevailed, which alone can bind the members together in good will.

The past year we will remember as the pleasantest and most profitable of our college course. The peaceful calm has been unmarred by any outburst of a class storm. Although, coming off as victors in the rush of last year against the combined attack of Seniors and Faculty, we have confidence in our standing for strength and spirit, neverthless we have recognized that "Peace hath its victories no less renowned than war."

There have been times however, when beneath a calm and dignified exterior, our hearts swelled with pardonable pride and class spirit. One such occasion was the triumphant night of our rhetoricals when we first donned our caps and gowns and with grace and eloquence — no less surprising to ourselves than to our auditors — mastered vital subjects both living and dead.

Sometimes the monotonous round of study was relieved by pleasant diversions.

Happy lot of Seniors to be toasted by the Faculty and Juniors, but oh, inexplicable fate! Good fortune failed us in one thing—she always sent us foul weather.

x x x x x x

Only a few more days and our college life will cease. We will forget the hard work, the mistakes, the perplexing metaphysics—and perhaps even unjust criticisms—all these we will forget but we will remember the moments of triumph, the happy times together, the pleasure we found in mastering the difficult places, for memory with thoughtful kindness preserves only the sunshine of our experiences, the shadows hide the disappointments and the hardships.

It is with regret we leave these scenes of our student life. We feign would tarry a little longer but beyond are the serious duties of life beckoning. And through all the coming years, long after our Senior gowns have fluttered into oblivion and we have put on the armor of life's war-fare, we will warmly cherish in our hearts the memory of our Alma Mater—our beloved mother.

The End and the Beginning.

(ON COMMENCEMENT DAY.)

WE stand on the edge of the Used-to-be,
And our hearts are thrilled,
As our thoughts are filled
With the rushing of cherished memory,
With a mingling of pain and victory.

Before us troop the times now past,
Crowded with duties and pleasures too;
But crowned with harmony, first and last,
And filled with a purpose always true,

Which pointed us on to a day in June,
And closed in a day that has come too soon;
That could not come too late,
Though with hope did we await
This day of ninety-eight.

* * * * * *

We pause on the edge of the Yet-to-be,
And our souls are stirred,
As we hear the word
That closes school life for you and me;
That bars our vanished Used-to-be.

In the afterwhile our lives will grow
Apart in work and widened aim;
But memories old will keep a glow
And bind us together as then the same.

They will take us back to a day in June,
When our hearts and the world pulsed out one tune
A song of hope elate
That time would bring good fate
To the class of ninety-eight.

Juniors.

OFFICERS.

AGNES WILSON, *President.*

MINNIE HALL, *Secretary.*

LESTER B. ROGERS, *Treasurer.*

WILL F. SMITH, *Prophet.*

LOREN M. EDWARDS, *Historian.*

CLARENCE R. STOUT, *Poet.*

Colors: CRIMSON. Class Flower: CARNATION.

Motto: *"Push."*

YELL.

Rip, Rah, Rhine!

Zip, Zah, Zine!!

Fine, Fine, Superfine!!!

Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine!!!!

Musing.*

COME, O Muse, and softly murm'ring,
Whisper to this soul of mine,
While I sing the thrilling story
Of the class of ninety-nine.

Sometime ago, three years and more,
One autumn day in ninety-four,
While Seniors dreamed and Juniors dozed,
And Sophs in slumberland reposed,
While Freshmen talking in their naps
Told all about their brand-new caps,
A call was made to take some steps
To organize the Senior Preps.

And so they met and reasoned whether
Since they were all now met together,
'Twould not be best, without delay
To organize that very day.
So 'twas determined to select
The ones for office, and elect
A president and secretary
And others such as necessary.

They then discussed a motto too,
And thinking English would not do,
A Latin proverb was agreed,
Which not a single one could read.
The colors chosen for that year
They argued should at once appear;
And as the hour was well-nigh spent,
The class adjourned by one consent.

*A (MUSING.)

The weeks roll by, the month, the year,
The class as Freshmen now appear,
And with their canes in bright array,
The stainless crimson now display.
The Freshmen girls a meeting hold,
None of the Freshman boys are told;
A social following in its wake,
They feast the boys on cream and cake.

Then come the balmy days of Spring,
The dewy eves suggestions bring;
And so they plan—as well they might—
To paint the bridge some moonlight night.
'Tis done as said; and morning's sun
Reveals the work which they have done;
Another morn reveals to view
An enemy has been there too!

Thus time goes by! once more in line
We see the class of ninety-nine.
Not Preps or Freshmen as before,
But each a haughty Sophomore.
With dignity and royal grace,
On platform now they find their place,
And by their eloquence so strong,
Hold spell-bound all for two hours long.

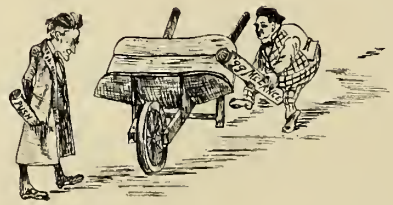
The next year finds them Juniors grown,
And soon the fact becomes well known,
For sound of bells and voices clear,
And cries of "Ninety-nine" we hear.
A few weeks more, again we see
A struggle for the mastery;
And now they win themselves renown
Contending for the cap and gown.

For conquests won, for darings bold,
They soon assume the badge of gold;
The motto "Push" inspires each one
To conquests which may yet be won.
In oratory they contest
And win a victory o'er the rest;*
And yet again they win renown,
By helping tear the green flag down. †

Thus looking backward o'er the past,
My thoughts have wandered, till at last,
The mem'ries joined by each to each,
From past to present seem to reach.
I cannot lift the veil to see
The last act of our history;
The curtain falls, I let it rest,
God wills it, and His will is best.

* SEE APPENDIX.

† FOR FURTHER INVESTIGATION OF THIS SUBJECT SEE PAGE 80.



Sophomores.

OFFICERS.

LAURA ASKIN, *President.*

H. E. ROBERTSON, *Vice-President.*

HOWARD MATHEWS, *Secretary.*

J. R. WILLEY, *Treasurer.*

CLYDE COTTINGHAM, *Poet.*

FLORENCE SARGENT, *Historian.*

B. R. SMITH, *Prophet.*

Motto: *"Non sibi."* Colors: WINE AND WHITE.

YELL.

Rackity Kax! Go Wax! Go Wax!

Rackity Kax! Go Wax! Go Wax!

Wa Hoo! Hackity Boo!

Rickity! Stickity! Stackity! Stoo!

Who are we? Who are you?

We are—we are all true blue!

Who's true blue?

Nineteen hundred.

00

ANOTHER year's history has been made, and again the historian is called upon to chronicle its events. It is indeed no easy task to depict the wonderful achievements as yet unaccomplished. It was with unabated zeal and renewed energy that we resumed our ascent of the Hill of Knowledge after the summer's rest. We forgot the freshness of our youth when we realized the importance of our new position. The first discovery made upon our arrival was the great change in the class. Many had fallen by the wayside and strangers had come to take their places. But water-melon was found to be of great assistance in making the new comers feel at home in the family. Someway when we peeped at each other from behind those delicious slices, we forgot that we had not always been acquainted.

But why should we demand your attention to a rehearsal of all the happenings of this eventful year — the most important of our course — of our success at ball and tennis? of the equestrian speed of our progress in translating? of the sweet spirited submission with which we bore the blame of all meanness until the guilty parties were discovered? or of the brilliant success of our first Rhetoricals? Modesty prevents the recital, lest you might say our spirit boastful, and that it is an exhibition of the inflated feeling experienced upon entering our new honors.

In one thing especially we glory — in the distinction we gain by having secured* class pins in our Sophomore year. We bear the honor of being the first class to make such advancement.† It was with pride that we downed them. Shall we not always recall with pleasure the anxiety caused among the other classes?

Again, *we* must boast of the manly deeds and quick action taken when colors, other than the "wine and white," were seen floating over the College. Let others take warning never to displease the Sophs by raising colors — or

* AFTER SEVERAL UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS.
† A SOPHOMORICAL BLUNDER. CONSULT HISTORIAN OF '97.

otherwise — lest they to their sorrow learn that it is "Better to face the prowling panther's path than meet the storm of Sophomoric wrath."

We have not yet succeeded in permanently carving all our names in history or in the College furniture — the delay was caused by the demand of time for studying, melon parties, skating, and sassafras hunts. We beg to report progress.

As we look back we must exclaim, "*Venimus, vidimus, vicimus!*"‡ We are proud of the year's work and assure you that it will be no waste of time to keep your eye upon the class which has the honor of being the first to graduate in the new Century — the class of 1900.

‡ SEE APPENDIX.

Freshmen.

OFFICERS.

LUCY PELSOR, *President.*

F. B. WARD, *Vice-President.*

WILL A. VAYHINGER, *Secretary.*

A. L. WARD, *Treasurer.*

EFFIE SMITH, *Historian.*

DOWD WHITE, *Prophet.*

A. F. MAJORS, *Poet.*

Motto: *"Facta non verba."* Colors: SALMON PINK AND BLUE.

YELL.

Ye Hah! Ye Hah!

Brave and bold!

Boom-a-lack! A-day! Dah!

Hot or cold!

Rock-a-chalk! Jayhawk!

Beat us if you can!

Tu-lu-ma! Cha! Ha!

Nineteen Hundred and One!

The Song of the Freshman.

SHOULD you ask me whence this story,
Whence this true and brave narration,
With its touch of proud allegiance,
With its breath of valorous conflicts,
I should answer, I should tell you—
On a mountain of the prairie,
On a mountain known as Moores Hill,
Stands a college for the Hoosiers;
Stands a seat of higher learning.
Hoosiers at that school assemble,
Seniors, Sophomores, and Juniors,
Freshmen, too, I beg to tell you.
Of these Freshmen now I purpose
To relate a faithful story:
In the time of early autumn,
In the hazy Indian summer,
Ere the leaves began to ripen,
Ere the leaves began to wither,
Gathered Freshmen in a council,
All their chieftains to select.
Wisely chose they from their number,
And beneath the guidance faithful
Of these chieftains high, they prosper
In whate'er they undertake.*

Through long ages of tradition,
Green has emblematic been
Of untutored, verdant Freshmen
Venturing first away from home.
Therefore "green shall be our symbol,"

* EXCEPT GUARDING SECRETS AND STOLEN PROPERTY

Spoke the mighty Majors† bold,
Spoke in accents slow and measured;
And to him the council listened,
Heeded they the mighty Majors,
And the cry was oft repeated,
"Green shall ever be our symbol."
But when first they showed their colors,
First displayed to all their badges,
Certain people idly thought
A little salt would put them down,
Vainly hoped to tame at once
The stirring class of nineteen one

But one morning to the breezes,
To the gay and playful south-winds,
Floating high above the college,
Waved a flag of emerald brightness.
O, the rushing of the Juniors!
O the shouting of the Soph'mores!
O the words of vain entreaty!
How each one begged another
The lofty ensign to tear down!
Not a Junior dared to venture,
Every Soph'more quoth, "Not I;"
But a slender lad of Prepdom,
Stout of heart and slight of stature,
Dared to scale the flagstaff high.
And a mighty shout was given
By the timid Sophs and Juniors,
As though to them belonged the glory,
As though to them were due great praises.

And I tell it not in secret,
Known it is both far and wide,
That when Juniors planned to flaunt
Red caps and gowns to imitate
The Seniors grave and dignified,
'Twas Freshmen who those robes did take;
And it likewise is no fancy,
Those the Juniors did recover,

† COUP D'ETAT.

Not by power nor by cunning,
But by fearful threats of marshal,
Town police and magistrate.
You shall hear how these brave Freshmen
Sent a challenge to the Juniors
That united with the Soph'mores
They should meet them in a combat,
In a testing game of base-ball.
But the upper classes halted,
Hesitated what to answer,
Quibbled for a worthy Senior,
"Give us Davis and we meet you."
So at last it was conceded.
But in spite of all precaution,
Spite of Davis and his swift runs,
Fifteen to seven the score stood,
Fifteen to seven in Freshmen favor.
All the lovely maids had gathered,
Sat in rows to see the ball game.
Much bedecked were they in ribbons,
Gaily flaunting their bright colors,
All the colors of the rainbow;
Loudly tooting on the tin horn,
Rending all the air with music.
But at last the flags were lowered,
Lowered all except the Freshman,
And the tooting horns were silenced,
Still were all except the Freshman.
Let the Freshmen toot forever.

Alex O. Levy

LITERARY SOCIETIES

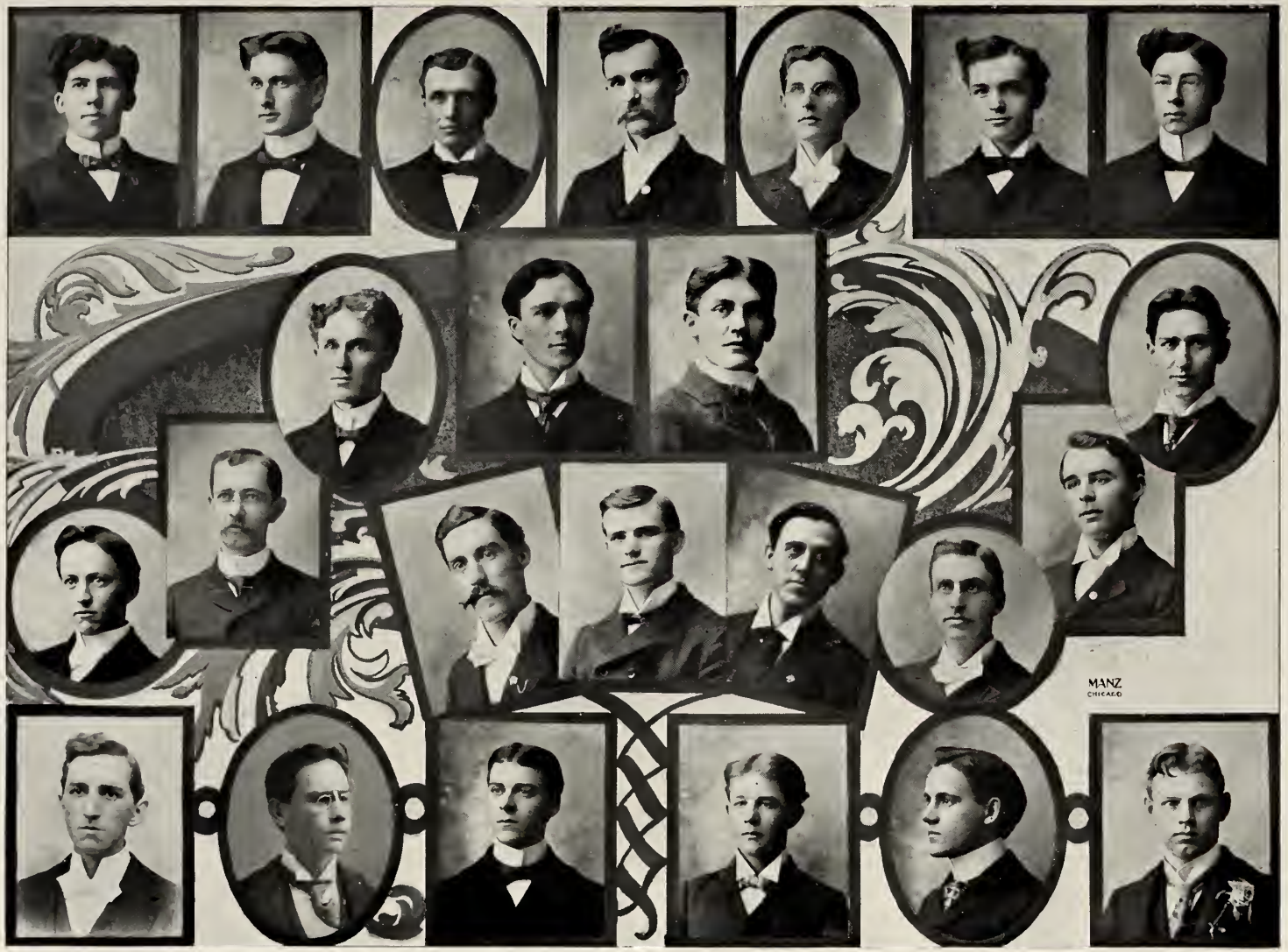
Photozetean.

ORGANIZED 1869.

Motto: Ὁδὸν εὕρισκε ἢ ποίει.

OFFICERS.

L. B. ROGERS,	*President.*
C. B. SYLVESTER,	*Vice-President.*
C. H. COTTINGHAM,	*Secretary.*
W. A. VAYHINGER,	*Treasurer.*
F. H. COLLIER,	*Critic.*
H. E. ROBERTSON,	*Chaplain.*
W. F. SMITH,	*Prosecutor.*
W. HINGHOUSE,	*Librarian.*


MANZ
CHICAGO

Aunt Hanner's Visit to the Photos.

I JES want ter tell every one what a time me and Mary Ann Jones had at the Photozetean Society t'other night. Well in the fust place a leedle skrewd up feller named Ward banged his desk with something like a tater-masher and every one set up strate as a close-prop. Un then a feller, with hare that cum down over his ize—Mary Ann sez his name wuz Sylvester—got up and started a song about "Seein' that my grave is kept green."

The kutest leddle fat boy kald Willey red a hull lot uv names an then got mad as a hornet an told that Ward he wuz tired uv the way the boys corresponded to the roll-call. That preacher Smith got up and sed a nawful purty piece about a leedle star twinklin, then a feller kald Hargitt giv a nessay about the United States annexin somethin—I guess it was Juppiter—an then that leddle Ward said somethin about a xtempor an a shadder named Walker talked about "The devil present to-night." Next a kurley-headed leedle boy kald Cottingham giv us a talk on birds, an then that Copeland feller talkt about the discouragements of raisin a mustache, and law sakes! I should think it wud be discouragin, his nose wuz big enuf to shade a tater-patch much less a mustache.

A nugly looking feller kald Burn Smith sung "I tuck my Luly ter a sirkus." My land, the way he did roll his ize wud give dispepsy ter a grasshopper. Fore fellers tried ter make us believe that too kats with their tales tide tergether an hung over a door handle hav more power ter ples the esthetickle sensis than has a serenadin party. I kept my I on the jedges, but when that man Robertson got dun they wuz all settin like ded and so they had to stop the old debate.

Then they begin transactenin bizness an me an Mary Ann wuz bound ter see the hull thing threw, but that old man Ward sez, sez he, the sargent with arms will ples court the ladies ter the door an when I seed a great big raw-boned, long-armed feller they kald Isgrigg cummin at us, I told Mary Ann ter cum on an so ew got out er there fore he had time ter uze his arms; but soon as he had shet the door

and went away agin we wuz boun ter hear some more, so we went back an lissened at the kee-hole. But purty soon the hungry-lookin feller kald Rogers had ter go an make a long speak about the kee-hole in the door bein wore out and wound up by moven that Mr. Mathews be constructed ter make a investigate and if needesary to buy a new key-hole. On hearin of that me an Mary Ann suddently tuk a noshun ter go home, but what do you think, jest as we wuz startin away, we seed some fellers cum out from among the trees leadin another feller that wuz tide roun the head with a napern an they tuk him right on up stairs ter that sciety room. Me and Mary Ann wuz boun ter see what wuz up now, so we follered.

We soon found out that them too Vayhinger boys, the freshies Bolder an Hargitt an that Green feller all had holdt uv that pore leedle Wisey boy; me an Mary Ann had a big notion to pounce on ter them an pull their old long hare gud, but then we thought we wouldn't. When they tuk him inside there wuz a hull lot uv other fellers ready ter jump on ter him an I guess they would have kilt the feller if it hadn't ter been fur Cook an Hinghouse an that big Edwards who seemed ter take his part. I guess they'd ben pickt on thater way their selves sometime or nother so they tuk him away from them other fellers an tuk him to that nice man wat they kald Liddle. Well jes as Liddle, by talkin nice ter him had got him ter stand purty near on his head, that old Ward hollers out, "The gran bumpers agree!" an them old ruffins what brought him up there let a grate big old billy goet outer the closet an it made right at him. Gee whiz! ef that is the way they make peples agree what they ketch, me and Mary Ann didn't want ter be ketched, so we went home immejately.

Philoneikean.

ORGANIZED 1856.

Motto: *"Excelsior."*

OFFICERS.

PRESTON S. HYDE, - - - - - -	*President.*
C. E. WINKLEY, - - - - - -	*Vice-President.*
A. F. MAJORS, - - - - - -	*Secretary.*
C. O. PLATT, - - - - - -	*Assistant Secretary.*
L. M. EDWARDS, - - - - - -	*Treasurer.*
LOUIS ROSS, - - - - - -	*Critic.*
C. R. STOUT, - - - - - -	*Chaplain.*
J. L. DAVIS, - - - - - -	*Librarian.*
CHAS. EWAN, - - - - - -	*Sergeant-at-Arms.*

MANZ
CHICAGO

Minutes.

PETER MEYERS HALL, MAY 13, 1898.

PRESIDENT HYDE rapped loudly for order and the members hastily took their seats, Platt entering a moment later. Chaplain Stout read as a short scripture lesson the cxix Psalm and offered an earnest prayer, calling special attention to members whose intemperate remarks in the previous business session had made them fit subjects for criticism. After a touching rendition of "The Philos are the Stuff, Sir!" by the Angels. Mr. Ross, critic, called the roll and each member responded with a short literary gem.

Mr. HYDE'S selection was original and he spoke with deep significance:

"East, West—
North's best."

WINKLEY—"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

DAVIS—"He who knows and knows that he knows is a Senior—follow him."

PLATT—"Better late than never." Ordinarily Mr. Platt is a modest man and scorns personal reference.

EDWARDS uttered this fine sentiment:

"I fain would have the service of his voice
To kill with music the most languid moon."

STOUT, out of a full heart, somewhat faintly, however, quoth he: "O, Agnes, O my soul, so may thy face be by me when I close my life."—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

JOHNSON—"Arationalcosmosistheimplicitassumptionofobjectivecognition."

SARGENT attempted a short extract from the Sermon on the Mount. He got as far as "Blessed—," then forgot and sat down in confusion.

ROSS quoted Shakspeare as usual: "To wed or not to wed—that is the question."

WHITE—"You is mighty lucky, lad of old Kentucky."

SEDWICK—"The man who blushes is not quite a brute."

EWAN'S gem was remarkable from the fact that he had never been heard to give it before. It was lost in the momentary surprise it created.

MARTIN — *"Lo! on he comes behind his smoking team*
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sunburnt brow,
The lord of earth, the hero of the plow."

FARLOW — *"I am one o' these curious kind o'chaps*
You think you know when you don't, perhaps."

WARD —"He who does n't know and doesn't know that he does n't know is a Freshman — pity him."

MAJORS — *"O nose! thou rudder in my face's centre*
Since I must follow thee until I die;
O! be to your Telemachus, a mentor,
Though oft invisible, forever nigh."

The literary program followed. Edwards read a very interesting and instructive paper on the "Etiquette of Calling." Among other things he lamented the growing tendency toward segregation among the Sophomores. Davis answered "Not performed." He afterwards abode by the constitution. One of the instructive features of the evening's exercises was the original poem by Johnson, entitled "Desperation," which ran thus:

"With vain excogitation
I think unto vexation
To sate an aggravation
Of the critic's aberration
Who without consideration
Of the author's adaptation
Has enjoined the cultivation
Of th' Olympian aggregation.

L'Envoi.

I know you want cessation
From further prolongation—
To prevent an altercation
I grant your supplication."

An autobiography entitled "The African Witch Doctor," by Sargent, followed. Mr. Martin in a well worded address told "How I Made Fifty Cents."

The question for debate was one of absorbing interest:

RESOLVED, *That this society is unequivocally committed to the policy of suppressing the ice cream parlors during Commencement week.*

The affirmatives were Stout and Ward, who spoke against their convictions, but none the less effectively. Mulford and Winkley in behalf of the negative, pre-

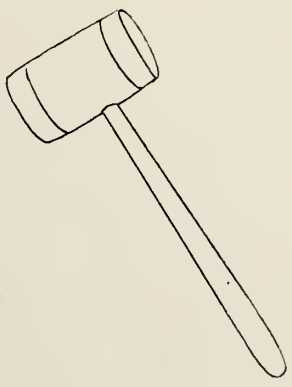
sented the question from a sanitary standpoint, arguing the disastrous effects upon the coherency of dreams. The judges declared that the ice cream took the cake, to use the vernacular. It is needless to say that the judges were Sigs.

The criticisms were more or less pertinent. Majors noticed one or two rhetorical errors. Stout was a little too aminated in his eulogy of the spoon as a social custom. Professor Aldrich was present and jollied the boys a little, after which was a short intermission.

The society was called to order for the business session. Ross and Davis were absent. Later these gentleman were fined, having no *valid** excuse. The minutes of the previous meeting were read, expurgated, and finally adopted. Martin was fined for non-performance of duty.† Davis proposed the name of E. Louise Williams as a prospective member. So went the weary rounds. At a late hour while the opposition slumbered and slept, Ewan moved that we do now adjourn, and Sedwick in a few pointed and well chosen words seconded the motion, which prevailed, and the president's gavel fell with an awakening thud throughout the dormitory, summoning all gallant Philos to the wienerwurst carnival.

* ATTENDING THE LADIES, PERMISSION HAVING NOT BEEN OBTAINED (FROM THE LADY) IS REGARDED AN INVALID PROCEDURE.

† SEE '97 MELANGE, PAGE 64.



Sigournean.

ORGANIZED 1856.

Motto: *"Carpe Laureas Super Montem Scientiae."*

OFFICERS.

EDITH BOLDREY,	*President.*
NELL ROBERTSON,	*Vice-President.*
EFFIE SMITH,	*Secretary.*
NETTLETON HODAPP,	*Treasurer.*
MINNIE HALL,	*Critic.*
AGNES WILSON,	*Chaplain.*
LAURA ASKIN,	*Janitor.*

MANZ
CHICAGO.

Critique.

PETER MEYERS HALL, MAY 6, 1898.

THE Sigournean Society had congregated in the Society Hall in the third story. The ladies of our most worthy order had made various futile attempts to balance themselves in the windows, and had tripped the light fantastic to the melodious strains of "Tell me with your eyes," which, by the way, was interrupted by the unceremonious entrance of one of the Faculty. Suddenly a determined tap from the gavel at the president's desk was followed by a silence that filled us all with its intensity, and each member sought her corner in quietness and a becoming respect for what might follow.

Devotional exercises by the chaplain. Calling of the roll by the critic:

EDITH BOLDREY — *"I cannot say, and I will not say*
That he is dead — he is just away."

EFFIE SMITH — *"I'm sure that when I'm big and tall,*
And wear long trailing dresses,
I shan't encourage beaux at all
Till mamma acquiesces —
O, how I'll hate the noisy men
With whiskers on their faces." — *Field.*

EDNA JENNINGS — "My kingdom for a beau." — *Shakspeare.*

LAURA ASKIN — "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." — *Edwards.*

LIZZIE ROBINS — "Give me beauty or give me death."

NELL ROBERTSON — "Inaudible" — *Anon.*

MAMIE HERRICK — "Most any color so long as it's red, is the color that suits me best." — *Field.*

IRENE MARTIN — "And where is the warmth that can compare with the genuine white-horse class?" — *Also Field.*

AGNES WILSON — "The proper study of mankind is *man*."

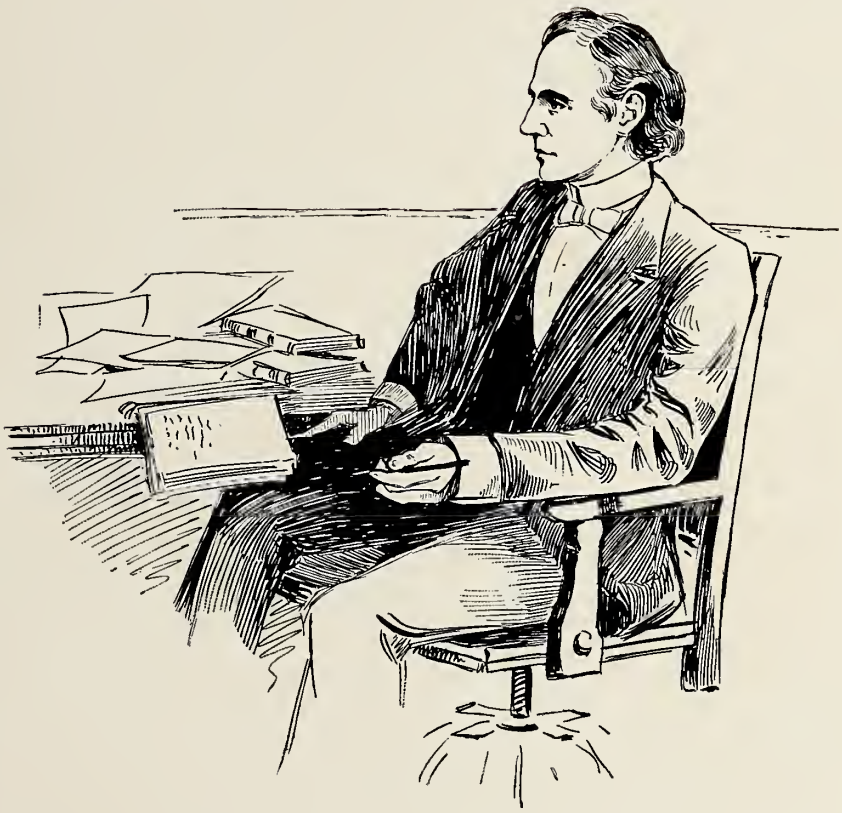
MINNIE HILL — "He can who thinks he can." — *Virgil.*

FLORENCE SARGENT—"To maintain a well-rounded career, the physical man should be developed as well as the mental."—*Burns*.

NETTIE HODAPP—"*Laughter plays a silver harp,*
And youthful smiles were golden."

The rest responded with characteristic appropriateness.

The first number on the program was a highly elevating paper on the idea of "Maidenhood" as a life calling, given by Anne Gordon. The treatment of this subject showed an interest almost painful in its intensity. Miss Bonham's recitation, "A Rainy Day," produced a very salubrious effect upon the audience. Kate Mathews gave an original extempore, subject: "Immortality of the Soul" —Eschatology. She showed much depth of thought; however, the words "been" and "water" were mispronounced. The essay written by Bertha Garrigues and the original story by Belle Barclay, showed philosophic zeal and heart-rending pathos. An original poem, "Laugh and Grow Fat," was read by Harriet George, and left the audience immersed in tears, but they recovered themselves under the influence of the debate. The question was, "Resolved, That Matrimony is a Doubtful Venture." Affirmatives: Mary Campbell, Mary Craig; Negatives: Mrs. Liddle, Flora Green. The affirmatives spoke as if from deep thought and experience. Miss Craig spoke very enthusiastically, closing her speech with the famous expression, "Experience is the best teacher." The negatives spoke with equal fervor, and carried their points in a practical, logical manner that brought conviction to the hearts of many. The judges were so long in making a decision that the president deferred the report till next meeting.



AN INTERVIEW.

Y. M. C. A.

THE Young Men's Christian Association was organized in Moores Hill College in the fall of '94 with about twenty charter members. From that time to the present, the Association has enjoyed a continuous growth in effective Christian work, and as a factor in college life. There were at the close of the winter term of the present year over forty active members. A weekly prayer service is held each Monday at six P. M. During the protracted meeting at the church half hour preparatory meetings are held each evening. During the year '97-'98 the Association in conjunction with the Y. M. C. A. has held two very pleasant socials in honor of the new students—one at the beginning of the school year, the other at the opening of the spring term. The two associations have maintained during the year three Bible classes and one missionary study class. Three delegates were sent to the state convention at Evansville in November; one to the Student Volunteer Convention at Cleveland in February; and it is the plan to send two to the Summer Conference at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, in June.

OFFICERS.

B. W. ALDRICH, - - - - -	*President.*
B. R. SMITH, - - - - - -	*Vice-President.*
C. R. STOUT, - - - - - -	*Recording Secretary.*
L. M. EDWARDS, - - - - -	*Corresponding Secretary.*
F. B. WARD, - - - - - -	*Treasurer.*

Y. W. C. A.

EVERY Wednesday evening a number of girls meet in the Association Room to hold our regular devotional exercises. Some may come slowly, tired from the day's round of duties, and quietly take their places. The meeting opens with song and prayer and we see the faces of the girls brighten as the leader reads from the Bible and utters words of cheer and encouragement. How much these weekly meetings mean to the college young women, they cannot appreciate until they leave and live in places where such opportunities are not given them.

The devotional exercises are well attended, the average being twenty-five. The membership is thirty-four, including nearly all the young ladies in school.

Missionary meetings are held one a month, which are well attended and prove instructive. We are helping educate a girl in Boylan School, Jacksonville, Florida. This is a new feature of our work and we took great pleasure in sending our southern friend a Christmas box.

One joint missionary study and three joint Bible classes were organized with the Y. M. C. A.

The Week of Prayer for young women was observed by sunrise prayer meetings. Some of the best exercises of the year were these meetings. Devotional services were held every evening during the protracted meetings. Nine of the Association girls were converted.

Two delegates were sent to Geneva last summer, two to the state convention at Terre Haute and one to the Volunteer convention at Cleveland.

OFFICERS.

AGNES WILSON, - - - - -	*President.*
KATE MATHEWS, - - - - -	*Vice-President.*
NETTLETON HODAPP, - - - -	*Recording Secretary.*
MINNIE HALL, - - - - -	*Corresponding Secretary.*
NELL STEWART, - - - - -	*Treasurer.*

Y. M. C. A. QUARTET.

CRATES S. JOHNSON, Basso.

LOREN M. EDWARDS, Baritone. BIRNA R. SMITH, Second Tenor.

LESTER B. ROGERS, First Tenor.

Oratorical Association.

THE most aggressive movement made by our students this year was the organization of an oratorical association with a constitution modeled after that of the state association. Its membership is constituted by the four college classes. Every member of the association is entitled to enter the college primary which shall be held not later than the twentieth of November. Each contestant shall submit his manuscript to three non-resident judges who shall grade on thought. The Faculty shall constitute the judges on delivery, before whom the contestant shall deliver his oration without other witnesses. The six receiving the highest averages will enter the college contest which shall be held not later than the second Thursday in December. The association has made overtures to the state organization for membership, but while not being allowed that distinction at once on account of the membership limit, the prospects are very favorable for the near future.

OFFICERS.

WILL F. SMITH, - - - - - - - -	*President.*
LAURA ASKIN, - - - - - - - -	*Treasurer.*
A. F. MAJORS, - - - - - - - -	*Secretary.*

COLLEGE LECTURE BUREAU.

Organized during the present year. Composed of two representatives each from the Faculty, Philoneikean, Photozetean and Sigournean societies and the Epworth League:

PROF. LEWIS. WILL SMITH.

PROF. ALDRICH. MARY CAMPBELL.

LOREN EDWARDS. NELL ROBERTSON.

PRESTON HYDE. PROF. BIGNEY.

RICHARD HARGITT. W. M. STEWART.

PRESENT YEAR COURSE.

CHARLES MONTAVILLE FLOWERS: "Christmas Carols," Oct. 7.

DR. J. P. D. JOHN: "Did Man Make God or Did God Make Man?" Oct. 16.

JAMES CLEMENT AMBROSE: "A Fool in Politics," Jan. 11.

DR. JOHN REITZELL: "The Devil and the Turk in His Own Country," Feb. 10

MENDELSSOHN QUARTET, May 31.

DR. J. P. D. JOHN.

Athletic Association.

PROF. M. VAYHINGER, - - - - - - - - *President.*

LESTER B. ROGERS, - - - - - - - - *Secretary.*

CRATES S. JOHNSON, - - - - - - - - *Treasurer.*

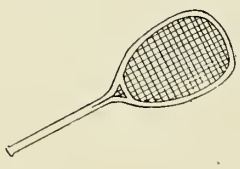
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

PROF. VAYHINGER. ALLEN F. MAJORS.

L. B. ROGERS.

W. F. SMITH. C. S. JOHNSON.

EDNA JENNINGS.



TENNIS COMMITTEE.

J. R. WILLEY. EDNA JENNINGS.

PRESTON HYDE.

ATHLETICS
MHC
Alex O Levy

M. H. C. Ball Team.

PROF. A. ROSS, Manager.
J. L. DAVIS, Captain.

L. ROSS,
B. R. SMITH,
C. E. EDWARDS, } Pitchers.

J. L. DAVIS,
C. B. SYLVESTER, } Catchers.

J. R. WILLEY, Middle Field.

L. M. EDWARDS, First Base.
A. F. MAJORS, Second Base.
HOLT GIVAN, Third Base.
CHAS. EWAN, Short-Stop.
EDWIN BOLDREY, Right Field.
JOHN GIVAN, Left Field.

PARTIAL SCHEDULE OF GAMES.

Sept. 18,	Moores Hill College *vs.* Pierceville, at Pierceville, - - - - - -	24 – 8
Oct. 2,	Moores Hill College *vs.* Sparta, at Moores Hill, - - - - - - -	18–13
Oct. 9,	Moores Hill College *vs.* Dillsboro, at Moores Hill, - - - - - -	5 – 1
Oct. 16,	Moores Hill College *vs.* Dillsboro, at Dillsboro, - - - - - - -	2–20
Oct. 23,	Moores Hill College *vs.* Holman, at Moores Hill, - - - - - -	*
Apr. 16,	Moores Hill College *vs.* Town, at Moores Hill, - - - - - - -	17–13
May 14,	Moores Hill College *vs.* Aurora, at Aurora, - - - - - - - -	6 – 8
May 20,	Moores Hill College *vs.* Dillsboro, at Moores Hill, - - - - - -	11 – 3
May 21,	Moores Hill College *vs.* Aurora, at Moores Hill, - - - - - - -	18 – 7

* Score Book Lost.

The Bridge.

A PARODY.

I STOOD on the bridge in the twilight;
By my side there stood a maid,
As the moon rose over the city
We moved farther into the shade.

We looked at the bright reflections
Of the tree above our heads,
And thought of the Faculty sleeping—
We were sure they were in their beds.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
We saw another couple
Walking beneath the moon.

As, talking and laughing we heard them,
Prof. rose from behind a tree,
And moving into the moonlight,
Tried very hard to see.

But like those waters gliding
Down past the stony piers,
They flitted into the shadows,
And his eyes were filled with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the nights that had gone by,
Had he stood near that bridge at midnight
And gazed 'neath a cloudy sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide,
Would bear him away on its bosom,
To the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless;
Yet, I thought I wouldn't care,
If he'd turn his footsteps from us
And follow the other pair.

And truly he moved out toward them,
To see what he could see,
Then, only the sorrows of others,
Threw their shadows over me.

Yet whenever alone I wander,
To the bridge with its homely sights,
In a rush of pleasant memories
Come the thoughts of other nights.

And I think how many students,
Who are now becoming men,
Each bearing his special secret,
Have stood on the bridge since then.

Time does not check the procession,
They yet pass to and fro,
Some with steps that are restless,
And some subdued and slow.

And forever and forever,
As long as the college stands,
As long as the girls are willing,
As long as the clock has hands.

The moon and its queer reflections,
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love on the bridge,
And the Prof. a-trying to hear.

MHC
MHC
MHC
MHC
MHC
MHC
MHC
MHC

Miscellaneous Organizations.

Moores Hill College Quartet.

MISS ALTA H. BLACKMORE, *Soprano.* LESTER B. ROGERS, *Tenor.*

MRS. ZOE C. ALDRICH, *Contralto.* LOREN M. EDWARDS, *Basso.*

MISS EDNA E. SHOOK, *Pianist.* MRS. E. LOUISE WILLIAMS, *Accompanist.*

MRS. E. LOUISE WILLIAMS, *Musical Director.*

LOREN M. EDWARDS, *Business Manager.*

WHISKER CLUB.

School of Amorology.

THOROUGH courses in Campustry and Substarology. Individual work required. Laboratories on Manchester Street and College Walk. All breakage and losses must be met by students.

Dean: CUPID.

SENIORS.

COLLIER. PROF. ROSS. EDITH BOLDREY.

JUNIORS.

COPELAND.* ROBERTSON. A. WARD. LESTER ROGERS.

PREPS.

TOM SEDWICK. NELL ROBERTSON.†

BELLE BARCLAY. VICTOR HARGITT.

IRREGULAR.

EDWARDS. H. GEORGE.

ALUMNI.

HARGITT. F. B. WARD. WILL SMITH. LIDDLE.

Wienerwurst Club.

(*To Promote Insomnia and Indigestion.*)

Patron Saint: OLIVER TWIST.

Motto: "*More.*"

CHARLES EWAN, - - - - - -	*Chief Gormandizer.*
A. F. MAJORS, - - - - - -	*Grand Cormorant.*
LOUIS ROSS, - - - - - -	*Past Grand Masticator.*
JOE DAVIS, - - - - - - -	*Boss Caterer.*
SARGENT, - - - - - - -	*Keeper of Wienies.*
MARTIN, - - - - - - -	*Chef.*

*EXPELLED
†CONDITIONED

The Ancient Order of Tongue Waggers.

Motto: *"Know thy neighbor as thyself."*

Intelligence Bureau: POST OFFICE.

AGNES WILSON, - - - - - - - - *President.*
MINNIE HALL, - - - - - - - - *Vice-President.*

CHATTER MEMBERS: Anne Gordon, Lucy Pelsor, Harriet George, Florence Sargent and Edna Jennings.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS: Nell Robertson, Effie Smith and Laura Askin.

HONORARY MEMBERS: Mrs. Williams, Bill Smith and family and Prof. Aldrich.

PAGE: Joe Davis.

KNICKERBOCKER CLUB.

"It Might Have Been."

T was a rare night. The rain had been falling and had suddenly ceased, leaving tiny pools of water on the ground, and raindrops clinging lovingly to the leaves. The little pale half-moon peered out shyly from behind the fleecy, scurrying clouds, at her reflection in the raindrop mirrors. Now and then a soft breeze sprang up, shaking the leaves, playful for a moment, then passing on with a contented gurgle. Someway it all reminded one of a lady who laughs gleefully through her tears.

Fred Kendall felt the beauty of the night as he walked out of the house. "Well," he soliloquized, "I'll have to get my Anabasis. How I happened to leave it in the lab. is a mystery to me. I suppose I can get in at the window."

He turned his steps to the college, walking leisurely, and drinking in the fresh, cooled air. He succeeded in entering the room as he expected, and was turning to leave, when he thought he saw the skeleton move.

At that instant too, he realized how wierd the room looked. The pale moonlight appeared to him a ghostly green. The cabinets rose grotesque and dismal with their glistening outlines of bottles. Back of all glared the white wall. A round piece of metal on the window-sill, indistinctly reflecting the moonlight, gleamed like a huge eye. The table seemed to stand in a dark liquid of shadows. The chairs sat in stiff, straight rows as though expecting some one. And there in bare, white outline stood the skeleton. He took in the details in an instant.

But the skeleton moved!

He stared at it stupidly for a moment and started to go. But he gave a nervous laugh and went straight towards it.

Above it hovered something white. No, it was a human form in white. Long, black hair fell abundantly over the shoulders, and strange, luminous, black eyes looked at him. A breeze came from without and made a queer little sobbing noise.

She stood still, unable to resist the spell which slowly spread over him, hold-

ing him fast. Suddenly he realized someone was speaking. The noise sounded like the wind murmuring in pine trees. Flowing evenly from between the pale lips the voice said:

"You are surprised but not frightened. There is no occasion for fear. I could not harm you if I would and I would not. I have seen you often in this room, and day after day I watch for your coming.

"You resemble Bernard, and if I were mortal I think I would love you. Bernard was my ideal. So strong and tall! You have the same merry mouth and frank eyes.

"Oh, I loved him! Loved him as a passionate woman loves — a burning, blazing love, that consumes the very being in its intensity. You can never know a love like that. I love him yet. I worship him all these long, dreary days and he does not know it.

"In life I was a frail, delicate girl and had to play the part of an invalid. So I allowed myself to be petted and waited upon. Bernard never forgot me for a day. He came to me and told me his plans, his hopes, his joys. How I loved his bright, noisy voice!

"Then he went to college. He wrote me such gay, happy letters, and told me of his friends, his class and all the college life."

The voice ceased. The wind whistled down the hollow, vaulted halls. The branches clanked against the window. A cloud passed over the moôn, making vague shadows with long, outstretched arms. Then the voice with its low, plaintive, sobbing undertone continued:

"Soon he began to speak of Mildred, how attractive, how good and true she was. At last I saw her—a bright, sweet little thing with eyes that danced,—and fluffy, yellow hair. She reminded me of a butterfly, yet she was always doing something for someone, shedding her brightness everywhere.

"I hated Mildred. I could not help it. And yet he loved her! I could not wish her harm, for if she had died it would have broken his heart. And I loved him!

"My love for him was the one unselfish thing of my life. But my life was selfish. I never did anything for anyone—took everything, returned nothing. I wasted away and died of a broken heart. No one knew what killed me.

"You see I am fastened to my skeleton by a silver chord. Until my skeleton is destroyed I will suffer over and over again from the memories of my life; from

the thoughts of what might have been—of the people I might have made happy. How I might have made my weak, hopeless life into one glorious song for his sake!

"Oh, you can't realize the despairing pain of knowing it is too late."

The dark eyes showed the despair, a little sobbing moan told it, and then the voice went on:

"If my skeleton were destroyed I could go away from the sad memory forever."

The voice ceased as the wind might; the large, strange eyes with their unutterable longing looked larger, darker, and more penetrating.

* * * * * * * * * *

The next day the skeleton was sold and another came to replace it. None but the Professor knew to whom it was sold, and not even he knew what became of it. Nor was it thought of much, for a skeleton is not a very important individual in college life.

Sprechen Sie Deutsch?

Hic Jacet Mathews.

FELLOW-CITIZENS and friends!
Lend me your ears,
I come to sympathize with Mathews
Not to praise him.
The jokes that people would play on others
Are oft turned back upon themselves.
So it was with Mathews. * * * * * *

He is my friend, faithful and just to me,
But Vayhinger says he was ambitious
And Vayhinger is an honorable man. * * * *

He oft hath duped the callow Prep.
Whose greenness hath for general pleasure served,
Did this in Mathews seem ambitious? * * * * *

I speak not to dispute what Vayhinger hath spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know: * * * *

Bear with me; my heart is
Out in the field where Mathews was
And I must pause till it come back to me. * * * *

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this coat; I remember
The first time Mathews put it on:
It was the winter term of '97,
That day he had returned from Milan.
Look! in this place ran the hedge-thorn through;
See what a rent the barbed-wire fence hath made.
Through this another barb hath made its way—
And note how the mud is spattered on it
As rushing on he leaped into the creek
To be resolved if he could hide or no.
Miller, as you know, was Mathews' angel;
Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Mathews loved him.
Yet when Mathews saw him turn
Fear, more strong than love for fun
Quite overcame him.
Then, springing off with mighty leap,
And going through the fence which tore his coat
Even into the creek that was filled with mud
Great Mathews fell.
And—oh, what a fall was there!

Apropos the Oratorical Association.

"—— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——!"—PROF. LEWIS.

"It came to me in a vision last night that our method wasn't correct. But this is an *emergency.*"—PROF. BIGNEY.

"Let there be no feeling in this matter. Don't, I beg, make it a class affair. It is an *emergency.*"—PROF. VAYHINGER.

"I am afraid we have spoiled the Seniors. They have shown a disposition to rule in this *emergency.*"—PROF. ALDRICH.

Isn't this a whale of an *emergency!*—PROF. ROSS.

"The idear!"—MRS. WILLIAMS.

On a certain Thursday,
Right after dinner,
All the students to a man,
The saint and the sinner,
On one errand ran.
Reason for the haste
Is not far to seek:
Came the contest of the State
Association on that week—
Little time to wait.

Constitutions rise
On a short notice,
Not in that need lies
The power to thwart us.
Emergency finds a way;
Soon we at Primary play,
Though that takes but a day.

DIAGRAMATICALLY SPEAKING.

Sayings of Great Men and Women.

"Theory *vs.* practice are diabolically opposed."—EDWARDS.

"That man at the Ann Arbor Convention was about as little as Mr. Cotton, if he wasn't so big."—PROF. ALDRICH.

"Where was you at ?"—PROF. LEWIS.

"Any corrections to the moments ?"—L. ROSS.

"I know now what the stop-shorter does in the game."—MISS ASKIN.

"As a general thing it is often the case."—WALKER.

"We have gone sufficiently far enough."—SOPH.

"I hate to hear anyone use slang. It just kills me."—MISS WILSON.

"You won't catch me wearing a Senior cap and gown. I always did hate Catholicism."—MISS LOYD.

"Please bring things back where you left them."—PROF. BIGNEY.

"He is author of considerable and knows more about Mammouth Cave than any living man."—PROF. BIGNEY.

"I don't want to see anyone absent at the lecture."—PROF. BIGNEY.

"Why, you have ruined one of my laboratory razors! I found two nicks in the same place, almost."—PROF. BIGNEY.

"You can't always sometimes tell."—PROF. BIGNEY.

"There the birth of Independence first came into existence."—PROF. BIGNEY.

And there are many other funny things that Prof. Bigney hath said, the which, if they were written every one, we suppose that all the Melanges ever published could not contain the things that could be written.—AMEN.

A MELANGE CORRESPONDENT MAKES INVESTIGATION OF THE JUNIOR CAP AND GOWN EPISODE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DOWD B. WHITE.

MOORES HILL, IND., DECEMBER 3, 1897 — Arriving on the scene of the Junior fiasco, I at once began investigations. I learned that the cap and gown burlesque was a boomerang. The audience did not rise in hilarious appreciation of the joke as first reported, but the dilapidated, emergency-constructed, cheese-cloth caps and gowns of the Juniors served only as foils to the dignified, handsome garb of the Seniors, and the belated, promiscuous manner in which the former entered and took their seats, emphasized by contrast the splendid pageantry of the Senior procession, as with stately steppings and in perfect time to the grand march, they filed in and took their seats with tremendous *eclat*.

This account was gleaned from an interview with one, Dowd B. White, an eye-witness, who, though a Kentuckian and a Freshman, is credited with a proper respect for veracity. In his unusual zest in relating the woes of the Juniors, I suspected a phase of the situation which had not yet come to light, and on my urgent request, he told me the entire story.

The afternoon of the rhetoricals an inkling of the contemplated hoax of the Juniors leaked out, and the Freshmen, hanging about the shop-windows and street corners, as is their custom, saw their opportunity for some fun and were not slow to grasp it. A council extraordinary was called and the question considered of attempting to lay violent hands upon the Junior wardrobe. Sylvester, Vayhinger and Boldrey thought it altogether possible and favored the idea. Miss Pelsor clapped her hands in approval, while Misses Barclay and Mathews cleared the ground three feet at the suggestion. Old Man Ward had some conscientious scruples, but was willing to waive them if some one could be found to do the deed. Miss Smith was unanimously in favor of trying.

"Do you remember Mr. Majors' stand in the matter ?"

"I think Majors declared that his mind was too much pre-occupied to expostulate on such chimerical propositions."

"And how did you regard the question ?"

"Well, I thought it a first-rate idea."

Mr. White continued the narrative.

"The vote was taken and it was decided to make a raid on the caps and gowns before they blossomed forth that night. The most dauntless men of the class were chosen for the venturesome deed. It fell to the lot of Majors, presumably from his familiarity with the premises, to proceed to Miss Wilson's room. This he did at an opportune time under my protection, and returned with his quota of the coveted costume.

"Vayhinger, under cover of Boldrey's shot-gun, went to Mr. Rogers'headquarters, and, finding the gentleman out,* began ransacking drawers, old boot-tops and what-nots. It was some time before the object of the search was found at the bottom of a barrel of forgotten love-letters. Vayhinger promptly tucked away the bundle under his coat and made a rapid exit."

Two hours later, three stalwart Juniors—Walker, Edwards and Stout, armed to the teeth and with blood in the eye, rapped at the door of the home of Miss Smith, where the stolen goods had been concealed for safe keeping. The door opened and the three entered unceremoniously. Mr. Walker was the spokesman.

You see Mr. Walker in the foreground. Miss Smith sits meekly under his flood of invective. He is capable of using many words, but sometimes the meaning is a little coy. He is also a metaphysician. In a recent public oration he declared that "Time is a limited portion of duration; the events of history are in the boat of time as it sails

*Mr. Rogers was calling on Manchester street at the time. When not there you may see him at home.

through the great ocean of duration, flapping its wings as she goes." So far as known, Mr. Walker was the first to announce this discovery to the gaping, wondering world.

"Can you recall Mr. Walker's remarks on that occasion ?"

Mr. Walker, with much stress of voice, dilated upon the enormity of the offense, and said:

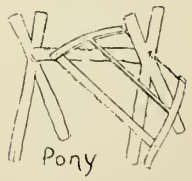
"In the name of justice which you have grossly and wantonly violated, and which threatens to bring you to speedy account for this unspeakable crime! In the name of the Class of '99, who wait outside with canes to vent on you their vindictive wrath! In the name of the Faculty whose mandates you have transgressed! In the name of conscience, reason and justice, I demand now, forthwith, immediately, on the spot, the full and free relinquishment and unqualified surrender of the aforesaid trappings and belongings of the class of eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, *non compis mentis, sic semper tyrannis, e pluribus unum.*"

"And what was the effect of the suggestion of Mr. Walker!"

It is needless to say. Miss Smith delivered over the contraband, and the trio departed to receive the congratulations of their class-mates for their heroic action in recovering the caps and gowns.

The Juniors rallied and fitted up anew the damaged robes, and appeared the same evening at the Senior rhetoricals with the reception above noted.

VERITAS.



Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά

Good Luck.

IN the Garden of Learning, Ninety Eight,
Unacquainted, did discover
The good-omened four-leaved clover
As a charm to challenge fate.

In the Garden of Learning, Ninety Eight,
Unacquainted, wandered long,
'Ere she knew what powers belong
To the charm that conquers fate.

The Garden of Learning, Ninety Eight,
Soon must leave, but 'ere she goes
She would give the charm to those,
Who still for a talisman wait:—

* * * * * * *

Ability, purpose, push and pluck,
These four leaves will bring good luck.

Lament of the Bridge.

O THE bridge, the old bridge is gone!
Cruel workmen without feeling
Tore it down,
That had borne the tramp of feet
On the daily college beat,
And the secret mighty stealing
From the town.

O the bridge, they say, was old!
Every timber had a story—
Had it told—
Of class-mottos painted bright
In the glimmering lantern light,
Telling all the world their glory
In letters bold.

To the bridge that now is gone,
Other stories than of war
Did belong—
Thus with old things we must part:
Thus does Progress, without heart,
Caring naught for things that are,
Bear us on.

From the Recitation Room.

Professor in Beginning Latin—"What is the word for war?"

Gus. Vayhinger—"Pugnose."

Professor in Physics—"What is electricity?"

Mr. Collier—"I – I – I know, but I can't tell."

Professor—"I hope you will soon be able to tell, for you are the only one that ever knew what it is."

Professor—"Why do you not have your lesson, Mr. Sylvester?"

Mr. Sylvester—"I was contaminated by an agent last night, who wanted to sell me some stereoscopic views."

Professor—"I tell you this war is counting already: wheat went up to a hundred and fifty four cents yesterday!"

Thoughtful student—"Professor, do fossils grow on that fossil tree?"

IN GREEK—Preston Hyde (to whom long lessons had become irksome)—"Wouldn't it be advisable to take up some outside work instead of reading so much Greek?"

Prof. Aldrich (some days later)—"I have been thinking of Mr. Hyde's remarks, and their value has grown upon me. In addition to your usual lesson, I want you to draw a map of Athens, and write out the proceedings of a court trial at the time of Demosthenes."

Miss W. (translating)—"They all stood up and clapped their feet."

Professor in Greek—"Mr. Collier is not reciting in Greek as well as he ought. Do you suppose it is possible that he is love-sick?"

An Unlucky Stroke of Policy.

This fragment of a dialogue was overheard:

Representative of Melange Publishers—"This is a Methodist school?"

Mrs. Williams—"Yes."

"The Methodist is a great church."

"Y-e-s."

"You have such fine preachers. I heard Bishop Vincent once. I consider him the greatest preacher I ever heard."

"Y-e-e-s."

"Take the other churches—the Episcopalian for instance—there is not much religion in that church. All they care for is money and form."

! ? — ! !

Gleanings.

(The field was cut green. The gleaning of our editor is but a small portion of the harvest.)

B. R. Smith—"My sakes! that ice cream Willie went to Cincinnati to get for our Soph reception was immense! It was in the form of elephants, giraffes, horses, and soldiers, you know. - - - - - It was $2 ice-cream! - - - - - It was the richest ice-cream I ever ate! Came from the city, you know! - - - - - But then we don't care for expenses. We are the wealthiest class in school."

Hurst Sargent—"I am not going to hear 'The Fool in Politics.' I guess I have heard it. It was either that or something else. Did I ever hear it, mamma?"

Howard Mathews—"Bert G. is awful green and he doesn't know it. He's got a lot to learn."

Edna Jennings—"I am going to be awful careful this year not to do anything green. I don't want the Seniors to get a joke on me."

An Order for a Picture.

BY MISS A W.

O GOOD painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

A road and a saw-mill very dark—
The picture must not be over bright,
For 'twas evening and the shades of night
Obscured the most familiar mark.

A wheel-barrow you can scarcely discern—
Two human forms, you must paint for me,
Sitting upon it, and they must be
The only forms painted, as you will learn.

One you must paint, sir, just like me,
The other—he was straight and tall—
Listen closer when you've done all;
Under the barrow a shade must be.

One little urchin, crouching there,
Listening to all that he can hear—
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you'll paint me the picture and leave him out!

Melange Phonograph.

Jay Eldee—"My head has been aching all day. Guess I'll have it extracted."

Miss Smith—"I would suggest having it filled."

Little Harold—"Papa, I love to hear that Martin girl play the organ."

Mr. Hargitt—"Do you mean Hortense?"

Harold—"Is she the black one or the red one?"

Student—"I am going away, Professor; will you lend me a telescope?"

Professor of Science—"Mine burnt up in the fire, but I have a pair of opera glasses."

Professor—"Miss Martin, perhaps there was design in not giving you a middle name. You were supposed to add a name."

Miss Irene—"Well, I have been thinking about that for some time."

Miss Wilson (discussing a Sig's conduct)—"The idea of her asking for a kiss!" (*Some one coughs down stairs*). "It sounds like Majors."

Miss C. to Mr. Johnson, just returned from Osgood, where he had been soliciting ads.—"What success did you have?"

Mr. Johnson—"All the business men were out of town. I made a few calls, however, and met with encouragement."

Mr. Rogers—Prof. Lewis said that one song at the recital was worth the fifteen cents to him."

Miss—"Whose was it?"

Mr. Rogers—Oh, I can't say. (Half an hour later, in a whisper) Say, it was me!"

Miss Boldrey (exultingly)—"I have practiced three hours before chapel this morning."

Mrs. Williams—"Mercy! You must be awful dumb if you don' know anything now."

WANT COLUMN.

'Ads can be inserted in these columns at a very low price. Our aim is not a large profit but the good of the public.—Editors.

An Oratorical Association - - - - - - - - EVERYBODY.

No Sham - - - - - - - - - - - - SENIORS.

Beaux - - - - - - - - - - - - SOPH GIRLS.
Arrows - - - - - - - - - - - - CUPID.

(NOTE—He has loaned all of his to the Junior and Soph girls.—EDITORS.)

A Base-Drum, - - - - - - - - - - WILL SMITH.

A Trumpet, - - - - - - - - - - EDWARDS.

A Little Horn, - - - - - - - - - - BIRNIE SMITH.

Cake, - - - - - - - - - Y. M. C. A. QUARTET.

Engagements, - - - - - - - - COLLEGE QUARTET.

Ditto, - - - - - - - - - - - THE WAGGERS.

10 cents, - - - - - - - - - HURST SARGENT.

(The public can see the reason on the face of it, or see appendix.)

The Seniors as an example, - - - - - - - - FACULTY.

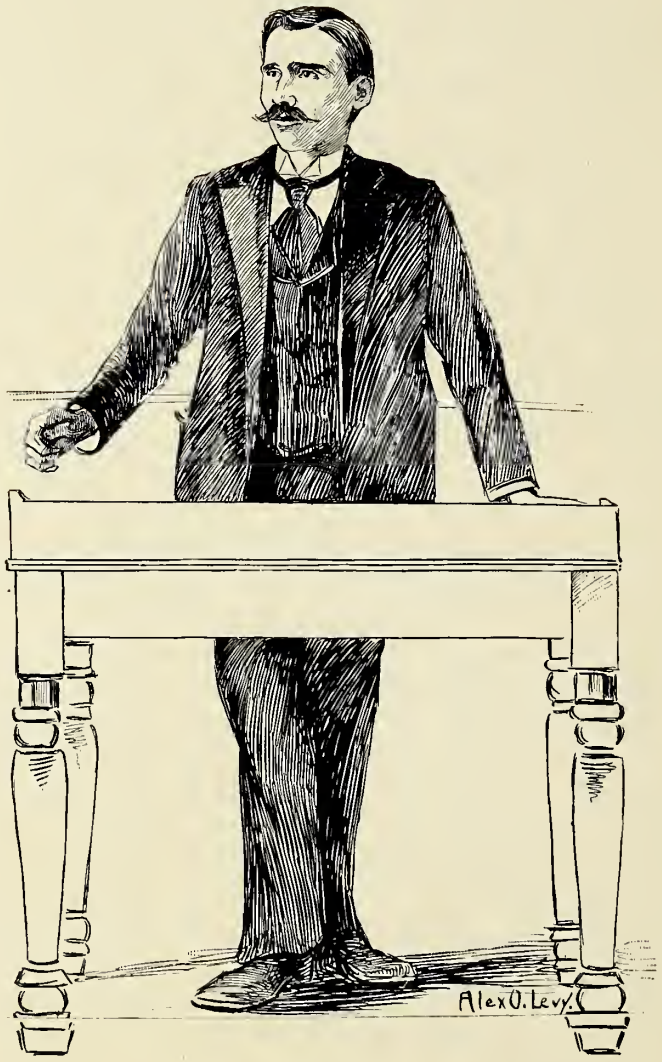
Watches warranted not to run down, - - - - - - FACULTY.

(We want to make a present to the Seniors.)

Anything to laugh at, - - MISSES PELSOR, HODAPP AND OTHERS.

A day of 25 hours for the benefit of the Greeks, - - PROF. ALDRICH.

Admiration, - - - - - - - - - - - MINNIE HALL.



"IT SEEMS TO ME . . ."

The Clouds.

AS I stood one night
In the moonlight,
And gazed on the clouds above,
There came to my heart,
With a rushing dart,
Visions of God's great love.

Those beautiful clouds!
Those wonderful clouds!
Those clouds of the silvery sheen!
Those clouds that are still,
Just over the hill,
While the moon peeps in between!

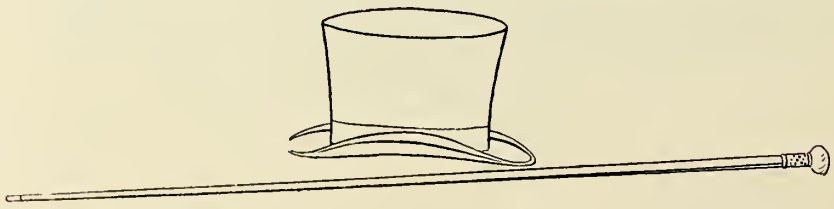
And the fleeting clouds,
The silvery clouds
Float past with a gliding motion,
And make one think
He is on the brink
Of the great, wide, foaming ocean.

Sometimes they float,
Like a rocking boat,
Out on the great, blue waves;
Then they disappear,
And cause us to fear
They have entered the ocean caves.

They float away
With a motion gay
Far out o'er the great expansion;
And as they change
Into shapes so strange,
We think of a crystal mansion.

Receptions.

Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.	Sept. 11.
Sophomore	Sept. 18.
Junior-Senior	Feb. 14.
Freshmen	Feb. 19.
Prof. and Mrs. Lewis to Seniors	March 1.
Senior–Faculty	March 8.
Prof. and Mrs. Bigney to Seniors	March 19.
Prof. and Mrs. Aldrich, Prof. and Mrs. Vayhinger, Mrs. Williams and Prof. Ross to Seniors	April 4.
Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.	April 9.
Freshmen	April 23.
Miss Stewart to Seniors	May 14.
Miss Campbell to Seniors	May 21.
Dr. and Mrs. Sargent to Seniors	May 24.
Miss Boldrey to Seniors	May 28.
Mr. and Mrs. Hargitt to Seniors	June 4.
Misses Martin to Seniors	June 6.
Miss Loyd to Seniors	June 8.
Rev. and Mrs. Machlan to Seniors	June 9.



Chaucerian.

He moste preche and wel affyle his tunge
To wynne silver, as he right wel cowde;
Therefore he sung ful meriely and lowde.—Prof. Lewis.

Not a word spak he more than was neede
All that he spak it was of heye prudence.—Prof. Ross.

Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe
That no drope fil uppon hire brest.—Mrs. Williams.

To draw folk to heven by his fairnesse
By good ensample, was his busynesse.—Prof. Vayhinger.

Curteys he was, lowly, and servysable.—Prof. Aldrich.

No wher so besy a man as he thet was
And yet he seemed besier than he was.—Prof. Bigney.

Copeland in Rhetoric

And now I lay me down to sleep,
I do not know this lesson deep;
If Prof. should call before I wake,
Don't laugh, I pray, for his dear sake.—Amen.

Sorry That He Spoke.

Edwards (to Miss Jennings, who had prepared copy for the Junior programs)—"If the printers can't read Will Smith's writing better than I could, there will be a lot of mistakes."

Miss J.—"He *is* a poor writer."

FOR SALE.

Juniors and Sophs in a fair state of preservation.

Inquire of JUNIORS AND SOPHS.

(This ad. was inserted just after the ball game. No answers have been received.)

Red Caps and Gowns. Made of a good quality cheese-cloth. The handsome Senior cut. A great bargain. They will be sold very cheap.

Address EDNA JENNINGS.

1000 circulars of Opera Quartet. Makes excellent scratch paper.

Inquire of EDWARDS, or MRS. WILLIAMS.

NOTICE.

ANY ONE FEELING AGGRIEVED BY ANY PERSONAL REFERENCE IN THIS VOLUME, WILL ENTER HIS COMPLAINT, AND IF HE IS VERY SORRY HE WILL BE PARDONED.

EDITORS MELANGE.

FOUND.

Rest at last.*—MISS BOLDREY.

A beau that suits *me*.—MISS HALL.

A new receipe for baking potatoes.—MRS. WILLIAMS.

Somewere between Martin's and town, in the mud, near the sidewalk, several good-sized footprints. They look like gentlemen's.

*NO MORE MUSIC LESSONS.

College Hymnology.

"By their songs ye know them."

"Oh, my love is like the red, red rose" (fugue), trio—
MOORE, BOLDREY AND WARD.

"The girl I left behind me," - - - - - - - - DAVIS.
"Gipsy's warning," - - - - - - - - - ROSS.
"Meet me where we parted last night," - - - - MISS LOYD.
"Dear Robin, I'll be true," - - - - - - COTTINGHAM.
"Tell me with your eyes," - - - - - - MISS HARGITT.
"Oh, hush thee, my baby," - - - - - - - HARGITT.
"Oh no, I never mention him," - - - - - MISS SARGENT.
"Come haste to the wedding," - - - - - MISS BOLDREY.
"Oh, ye tears" (pronounced either way), - - - - MATHEWS.
"The farmer boy," - - - - - - - - MISS HODAPP.
"Don't you go, Tommy," - - - - - - MISS JOHNSON.
"The queer little man," - - - - - - - MISS HALL.
"Down on the O – hi – o," - - - SEDWICK AND COLLIER, JR.
"Tell Will to set the kettle on," - - - - - - MRS. SMITH.
"Lady-bird," - - - - - - - - - - ROGERS.
"Dear heart, we're growing old," - - - - - MISS WILSON.
"Don't tell mother," - - - - - - - EDWARDS.

Innocence Abroad.

Student to Prof. Ross—"Let's hurry and get to the bank before the boat leaves."

Prof. Ross—"Oh, is this the street the bank is on? I have business there."

Student (at ball game)—"See the crowd on the sunners."

Sylvester—"Is *Harper's Weekly* a monthly paper?"

At Y. W. C. A.—"Is the *Evangel* a better paper than the Y. M. C. A. Organ?"
Miss Campbell—"I do not know enough about men to tell."

A Junior's Farewell to the Seniors.

Faster move the wheels of Time
Than we dream,
Faster as each year goes by
Doth it seem.
Time, "relentless in his course,"
Bears us on,
Till the days, the months, the years,
Soon are gone.

It is June! Again we greet
A closing year,
And the time when we must part,
Draweth near.
Forth into the busy world,
To challenge fate,
Goes another class, the class
Of ninety-eight.

All the mem'ries of the Past
Now return,
And with feelings like to pain
Do we yearn
For the days, the bygone days,
For the years
Of the Past, their shade and sunshine,
Smiles and tears.

What the Future waits to give
None can tell;
But the heart with purpose true
Knoweth well
That no deed is counted small
In His sight,
Who doth see the motive strong
For the Right.

Oh the years, oh the years,
The fleeting years!
They have filled us oft with hope,
Oft with fears,
But the Past is gone for aye,
And who knows
In the Present, what the Future
May disclose?

Oh the mem'ries of the Past,
How they thrill!
And our hearts with secret pain
How they fill!
Can it be the parting hour
Is so nigh!
Can it be that soon we say
Our last good-bye?

Ninety-eight! We give to thee
Our farewell,
Whether we shall meet again,
Who can tell?
Will you take this parting message
As a sign
Of best wishes from the class
Of ninety-nine?

Now from out the college halls,
You must go
Forth to meet in active life
Friend and foe,
Far apart may lie our paths,
O'er life's way,
But each path though dark may lead
To Heaven's day.

— C. R. S.

Acrostic.

No, we could ill have spared them
In the past,
Nor can we better now than then
Endure to cast
The thoughts of them to changes
Years bring so fast.

Ever shall we miss them here
In these halls,
Gladly we'll welcome them each year;
Here each recalls
The memories of them so dear.

WHEN speeding past Moores Hill on the train, at a forty mile rate, and on down Hogan Creek, just after the swollen stream had discharged the great volume of its waters into the Ohio—"when banks are high, the waters low,"—the writer observed, resting parallel with the shaded stream, an old tree which had drifted until it had "grounded." This once proud monarch of the forest thus fallen and resting beneath the shade of the trees, which in turn must fall, suggested the following lines.

THE SAME OLD WAY.

In ages past the storm winds blew;
An acorn fell, and lodged and grew;
And lovers oft, beside the stream,
Beneath it's boughs, would sit and dream
The
same
old
way.

The ages gone, the storm king calls—
And o'er the stream the tall oak falls.
Here lovers cross, so still and slow,
And linger long in moonlight's glow
The
same
old
way.

The floods, in early springtime, rose
From falling rains, and melting snows;
The old oak rode the swirling tide,
When banks were low and streams ran wide
The
same
old
way.

The sun shines bright; the March winds blow;
The banks are high, the waters low—
Now, rests the oak by shaded stream.
There lovers sit and fondly dream
The
same
old
way.

They dream and wed and wend their way
To Freeman's store, some gladsome day,
For furniture and carpets too,
At little cost to fit up new—
The
same
old
way.

Youth and manhood; then, storms of age,
Alas! Man falls—a written page!
He loved and dreamed, sorrowed—is gone.
Others follow, while time flows on
The
same
old
way.

R. H. FREEMAN & CO.,
OSGOOD, IND.

Appendix.

FOR humanitarian considerations an elaborate appendix, explaining in full the points of the jokes found in this volume, was prepared at immense expenditure of time and labor by order of the Melange Board, but our joke editor having possession of the manuscript, suddenly left for the seat of the Spanish-American war, using the copy in packing his numerous photographs.

By the way the Melange presents a splendid array of advertisements. You will have more of this world's wisdom if you give them a careful perusal.

The Aurora National Bank,

No. 2,963.

PAID UP CAPITAL, $50,000.

President, WILL F. STEVENS. Vice-President, ROBERT MAYBIN.
Cashier, ALEX B. PATTISON.

DIRECTORS:

Will F. Stevens Robert Maybin, Thos. Johnston, H. P. Spaeth, H. D. Hanover,
John R. McConnell, Alex B. Pattison.

Undivided Profits and Surplus, $12,000.

Calendar.

Sept. 7—Opening Day. Dr. Martin and Dr. Cotton talk of responsibilities and mother's pumpkin pies until new students shed tears and old ones grin.

Sept. 8—Prof. Lewis collects tuition. Prof. Aldrich demands the usual fifty lines of Greek.

Sept. 9—Mr. Collier is presented with a cushion by little nephew Paul, who says, "Aunt Maggie sent it."

Sept. 10—Prof. Bigney and the children go to Cincinnati and see the monkeys.

Sept. 11—Social in Chapel. Free refreshments. All surprised.

Sept. 17—Seniors hold a reunion.

Sept. 18—Base ball season opened for fall term by slaughter of Pierceville, 24 to 8. Sophomores eat watermelon at Dr. Martin's. Green absent.

Sept. 19—Johnson is compelled to take two girls to church after vainly endeavoring to dispose of one.

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is my specialty. I will not do a poor job.

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WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION

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- RED SCOTCH
- and SWEEDE
- GRANITES.

Vermont, Georgia, Italian and St. Lawrence Marbles

PORTRAITS.
CRAYON AND PASTEL.

Why give your orders to some one you don't know and get poor work, when you can get as good as the best right at home.

GEO. DRAPER, Artist.

I have examined Mr. Draper's work and find it quite satisfactory.
C. S. JOHNSON.

Calendar.

Sept. 20—Acting President Lewis attends conference.

Sept. 28—Freshmen appear in green.

Sept. 29—Freshmen salted. Sophomores suspected.

Sept. 30—Prof. Lewis interviewed by aggrieved double nits who think their character ruined forever.

Oct. 2—Ball game. Sparta falls, 18 to 13.

Oct. 7—"Christmas Carols" in the M. E. church by Charles Montaville Flowers.

Oct. 9—Base ball. Dillsboro makes but one, while the boys in blue score five.

Oct. 15—Prof. Lewis suggests *daylight* strolls among the falling leaves for those in poor health.

Oct. 16—Girls prove Jonahs for the ball boys at Dillsboro. Score card lost. Dr. John's lecture, "Did Man Make God or Did God Make Man?" listened to by a delighted audience. The lucky eight feast at a late hour.

ATTENTION! ABOUT FACE! MARCH!

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TO

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Corner of College Avenue and South Broadway Street.

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Moores Hill, Indiana.

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Surplus, ... $12,000

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Commission Merchants

For the sale of . . . .

Cattle, Hogs and Sheep.

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- Hogs, JAS. HAVENS,
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They have been connected with the firm for the past 18 years, and have made a success in every respect.

What are we?

CINCINNATI UNION STOCK YARDS.

Where are we?

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Calendar.

Oct. 23—One-sided contest on the ball field. Holman the victim. Feature of the game, Sylvester's coaching.

Oct. 25—Colored Warblers warble (?) at the M. E. church under the recommendation of Prof. Vayhinger.

Oct. 26—Prof. Vayhinger complimented for his good judgment (?).

Oct. 30—White-caps visit Prof. Aldrich and receive a cool reception. Miss Moore, after some embarassment, discovers that her guest is not Minnie.

Nov. 10—Mathews meets Dr. Sargent at the station and escorts him home.

Nov. 13—Oysters in the college enjoyed by several. Grapes, on the outside, consumed by a few.

Nov. 16—Athletic Association meeting in Chapel. Faculty through eloquence of Prof. Vayhinger stops foot-ball. Prof. Lewis pours oil on troubled waters and pays a tribute to his predecessor.

SEASONABLE SUITS.

SUMMER STYLES IN ABUNDANCE.

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The Tailor.

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a Specialty.

Write for Samples and Prices. Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

Calendar.

Nov. 21—A Junior preaches. After church a Freshman remarks: "If he would take that much exercise every day, he would soon be a man."

Nov. 23—Prof. Bigney states the humbug joke in detail.

Nov. 25—Time called to give thanks. Two Juniors spend the day at Dillsboro station.

Dec. 2—Senior rhetoricals. '98 Caps and Gowns appear. '97 Caps and Gowns disappear. Freshmen indicted for burglary.

Dec. 3—Juniors pout.

C. R. MILLER,

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Paints, Etc.

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Hats, Caps,
Boots and Shoes.

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GEO. M. ROBERTS. C. W STAPP.

ROBERTS & STAPP,

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PEOPLE'S NATIONAL BANK.
CITIZEN'S NATIONAL BANK.

LAWRENCEBURG, IND.

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Charles L. Howe, Randall J. Wymond,
Willard W. Howe, Abram Lozier.

CAPITAL, $200,000. SURPLUS FUND, $40,000.

COMMENCED BUSINESS DECEMBER, 1864.

Calendar.

Dec. 16—Professor in logic sleeps while class *take* examination.

Dec. 18 to Jan. 4—Vacation.

Jan. 4—Same as Sept. 7, with the exception of Dr. Cotton and pumpkin pies.

Jan. 5—A select few enjoy skating at Milan with the belles of the pond.

Jan. 6-7—Boldrey absent from recitation.

Jan. 11—"A Fool in Politics"—and elsewhere—appears before a Moores Hill audience.

Jan. 12—Prof. Lewis: "Clap hands fifty cents a night"—first time.

Jan. 19—Organization of Moores Hill College Oratorical Association effected in spite of rumored opposition.

FRANK SCHIPPER,

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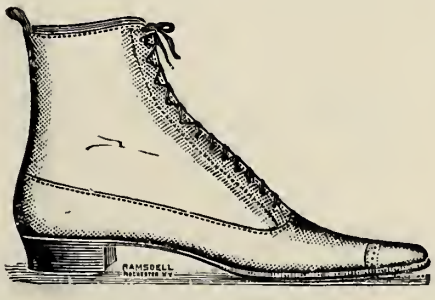

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Citizens National Bank.

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Collections, Real Estate, Rental.

AURORA, IND.

23-25 Walnut Street. **LAWRENCEBURG, IND.**

Calendar.

Jan. 20—Oratorical contest. Edwards victor. Juniors forget church and hold a private mutual admiration meeting. It wasn't a spread. They just had a class-meeting and several refreshments.

Jan. 21—Delegates Smith and Edwards attend the state oratorical contest at Indianapolis.

Jan. 24—Smith reports at chapel, "We failed to *push* ourselves in."

Feb. 5—Boys and girls make their last skating expedition to Milan. Sig. hair-raising episode at the chapel. Irene Martin appears with careworn look upon her countenance and says, "I made a brave attempt, but failed."

L. ROBERTS & CO.,

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Roofing, Guttering and Job Work a Specialty . . .

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ILLUSTRATED BULLETIN, SAMPLES, etc., upon Application

Calendar.

Feb. 10—Freshman green floats upon the morning breezes. A Prep, cheered and encouraged by Juniors and Sophs, pulls down the floating banner. Collision on college walk. Wind. Lecture: "The Devil and the Turk," by Dr. Reitzell. Lecturer's first character loose on Main street. Cyclone.

Feb. 11—Chapel exercises postponed for convenience and safety.

Feb. 14—Valentine social chaperoned by Class of '99 and enjoyed by Class of '98. Headquarters, southeast corner Broadway and College Ave.

Feb. 19—Freshmen entertained at Downton's on the hill. White appears in elongated trousers the first time.

Feb. 20—Copeland and Vayhinger call at Milan.

WE HAVE ADOPTED THE WASHINGTON POLICY.

PROSPERITY IS HERE.
IT HAS STRUCK THE

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Carpet, Curtain, Dress Goods and General Dry Goods House in Southeastern Indiana.

OUR GEORGE WASHINGTON LITTLE HATCHET POLICY IS WHAT DID IT.

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Merchant Tailors.

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AURORA, INDIANA.

Calendar.

Feb. 22—Holiday given. Freshmen and Normalites interview the photographer at Aurora in the interest of the Melange art department. Camera was uninjured. This is no joke.

Feb. 26—Juniors and Sophs ditto. Beautiful success. Camera fractured. This is a joke verily.

March 1—Prof. and Mrs. Lewis at home to Seniors during snowstorm.

March 3—Juniors orate. Programs imaginary.

March 8—Seniors amuse the Faculty at Dr. Martin's. Trap on board walk ensnares a page. Others escape. Faculty forced to break the ten o'clock rule.

March 10—Sophomores gesticulate. Juniors do not accept reserved seats.

March 19—Seniors under guardianship of Johnson visit Miss Bush. Prof. Bigney takes Class of '98 to Yellowstone Park.

March 24—Quarterly Musicale in Chapel. Admission fifteen cents; two for thirty.

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For information and Announcement, address

H. A. SMITH, D. D. S., Dean,

116 GARFIELD PLACE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Calendar.

March 25—Prof. Lewis: "Clap hands fifty cents a night." Class surprised.

March 30-31—Examinations work havoc in advanced classes—Analytics for instance.

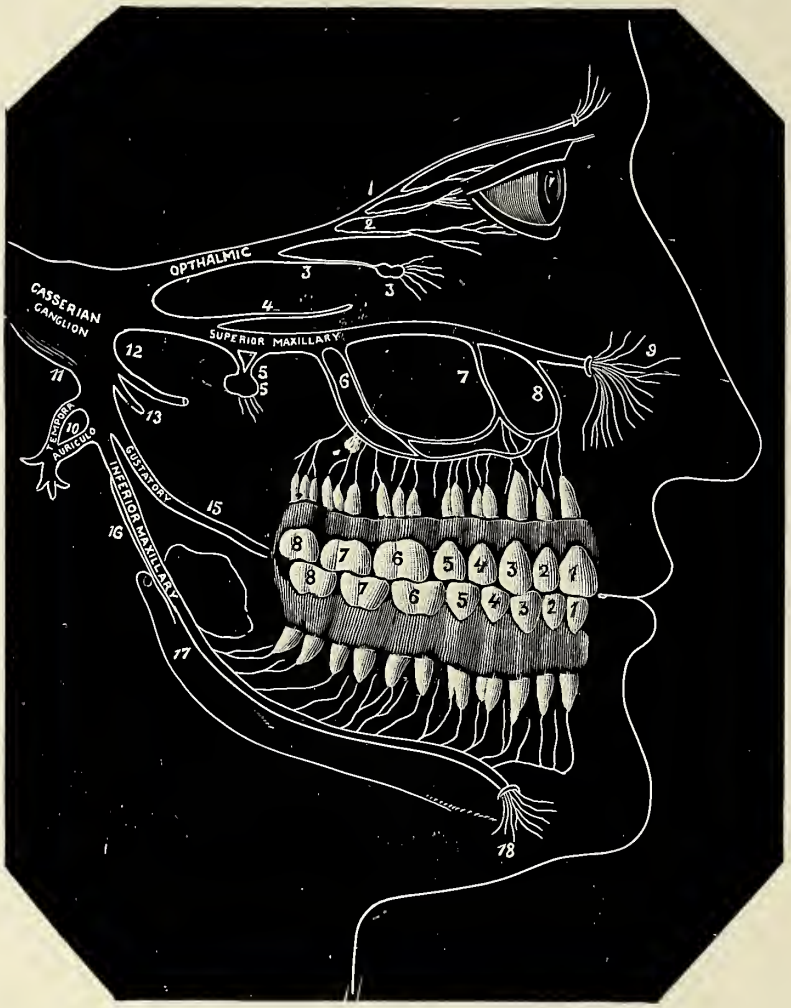
March —Spring Vacation.

April 4—Prof. and Mrs. Aldrich, Prof. and Mrs. Vayhinger, Mrs. Williams and Prof. Ross receive Seniors at Music Hall. Messrs. Cockrum and Burkert, Melange printers and binders, in business conference with the publishers. Cockrum and Hyde escape in an unseemly manner at an unseemly hour, victims of an unseemly joke by an unseemly youth. Inquire of Sargent.

April 9—New students get acquainted at term social. Hyde introduces a new musical instrument.

April 16—Town boys take measure of ball team. Score 17 to 13 in favor of the other side.

April 14—A realistic vision of fair women in college chapel.



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For circular, containing full particulars, address

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Calendar.

April 22—Sophomores and Juniors lose their reputation as ball-players. "It was the '98ers' fault."

April 23—Freshmen visitors entertained by the Y. M. C. A. Quartet. The Quartet take the cake.

April 30—College boys have revenge and beat the town 9 to 7.

May 5—Dr. Call shows an interested audience through the Mammouth Cave.

May 7—College Quartet makes its debut at Dillsboro. Success.

May 12—College Quartet appears at home.

May 13—Versailles savages soothed.

May 14—Ross' braves lose to Aurora, 8 to 6.

May 19—A blank.

May 20—Dillsboro—the home team's Manilla. Majors bombards the out-field in good old Dewey fashion.

May 21—Aurora tries it again.

May 26—Mendelssohn Quartet.

The Big Store On the Corner.

Dry Goods,

CARPETS, WALL PAPER AND SHOES.

MEN'S SUITS MADE TO MEASURE.

This store has an ideal. It is our constant effort to sustain it, always seeking to better our best. Want to be helpful to you in your merchandising; want you to feel that your best buying interests center here; that for every dollar you spend over our counters you will receive a just equivalent.

The New Summer Stock invites you. We are proud of our purchases, and feel confident that they will meet with your approval. Have not been studying your wants all these years for nothing.

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FOREIGN AND
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Ere Placing Orders Elsewhere.

J. C. Wiles & Son,

High Class Tailoring,

Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Calendar.

May 28—Another attempt to play ball at Metamora.

June 1—Seniors turned loose for a whole week. Final examinations find a few victims.

June 10—Philos have all they desire to eat. A yearly occurence.

June 11—Photos and their girls take in a bountiful feast.

June 12—Baccalaureate sermon by Acting President C. W. Lewis. Annual sermon by Frank G. Browne, Ph. D.

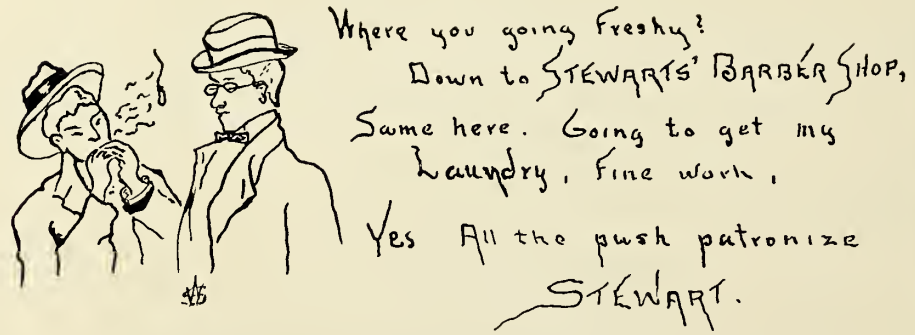
June 13—Philoneikean program.

June 14—Photozetean program. Field day. Lecture before literary societies, by Col. Copeland.

June 15—Sigournean program. Musical Festival. Alumni Banquet.

June 16—Commencement Oration by C. C. Lasby, D. D.

June 17—Melange Board seek a place of safety behind a fortification of unsold books.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Down to STEWARTS' BARBER SHOP,
Same here. Going to get my Laundry, Fine work,
Yes All the push patronize
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ON REBEKAH BY ABRAHAM'S SERVANT
IS STILL THE CUSTOM.

SEE US BEFORE YOU BESTOW.

RESPECTFULLY,

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